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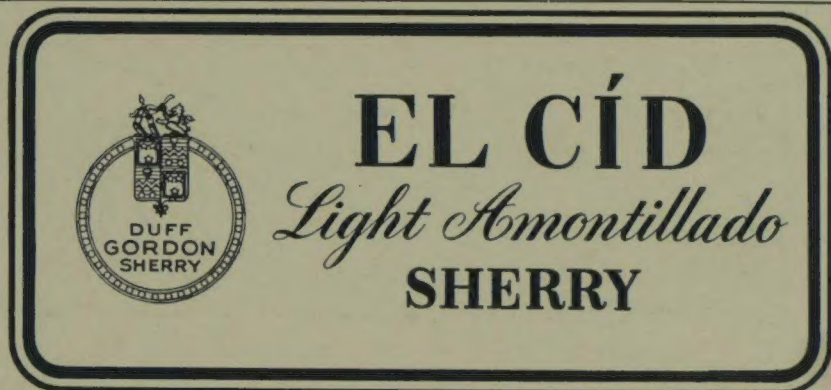
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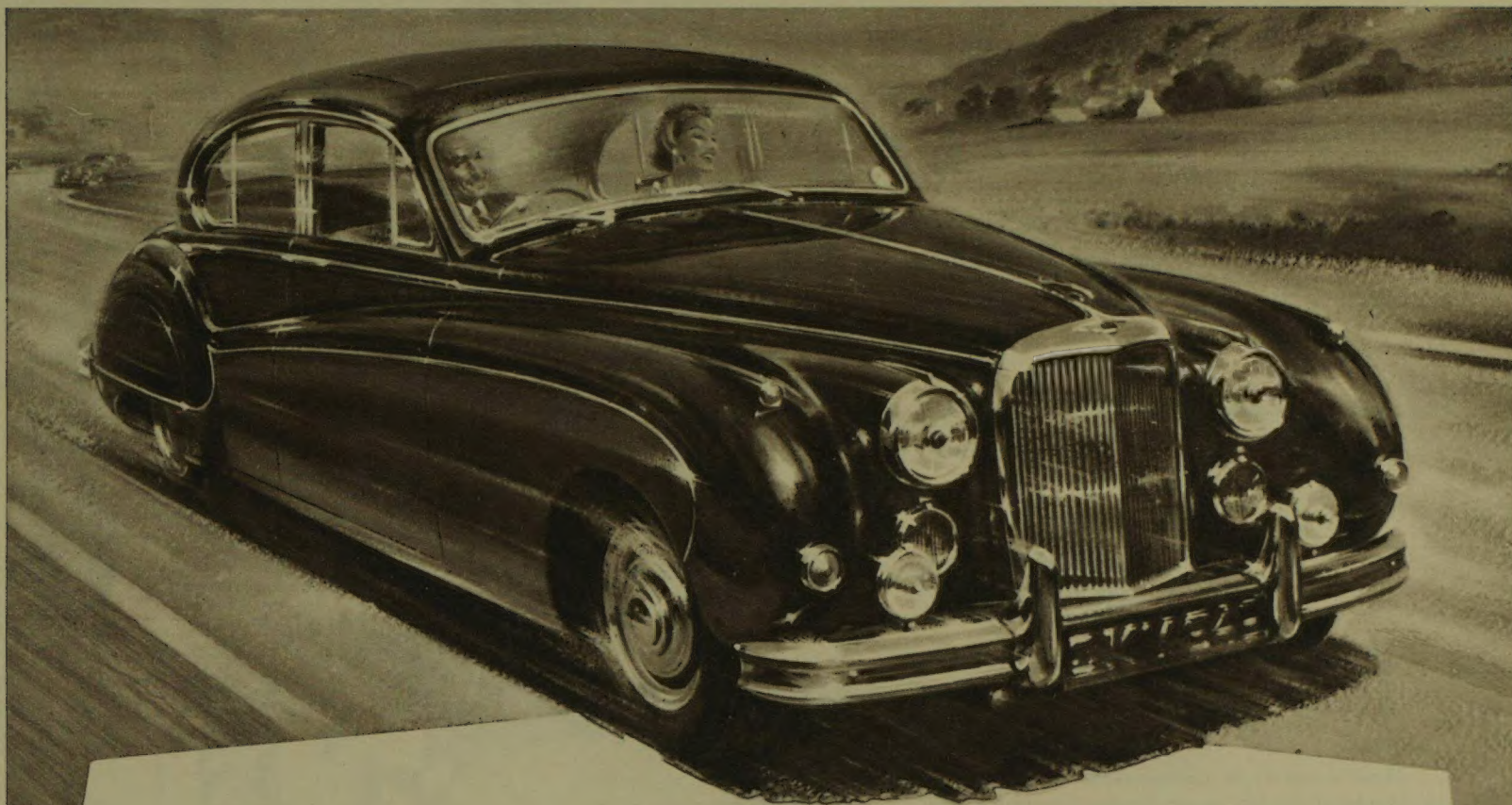


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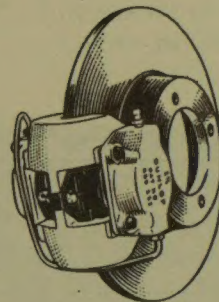
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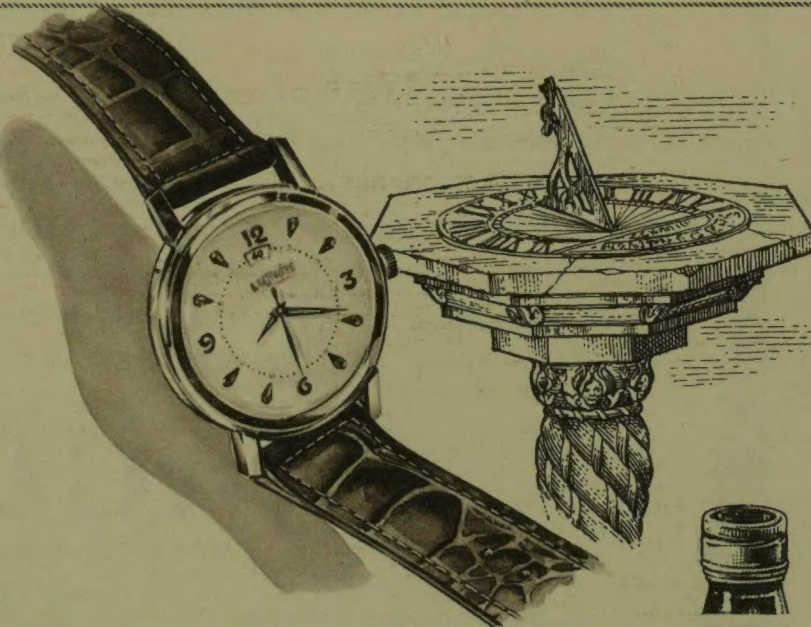
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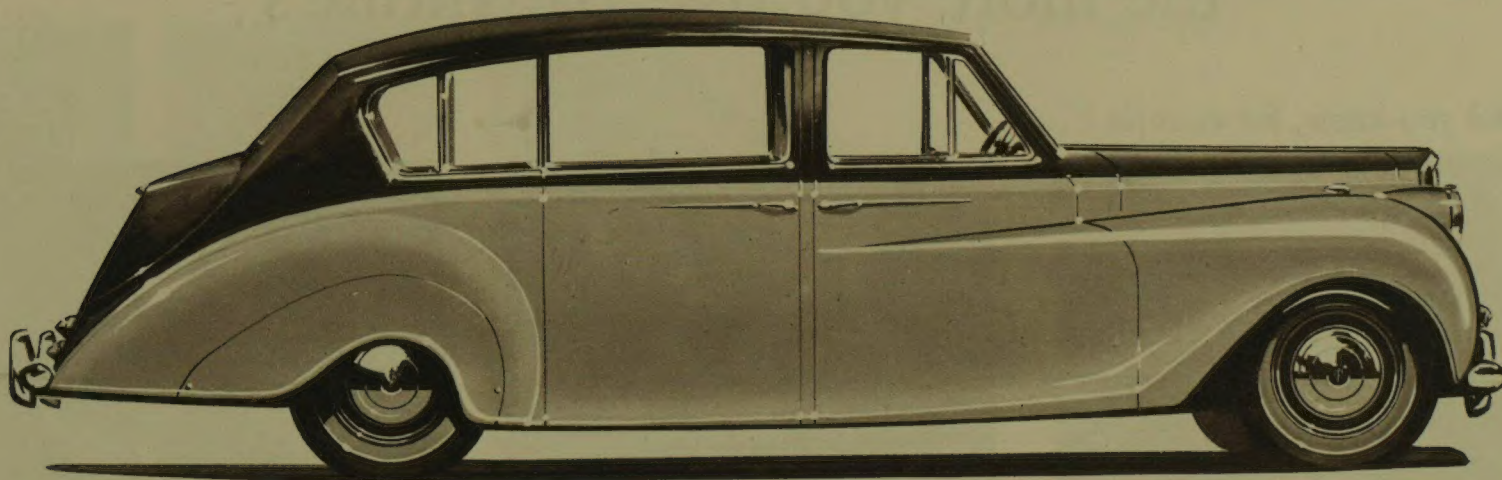
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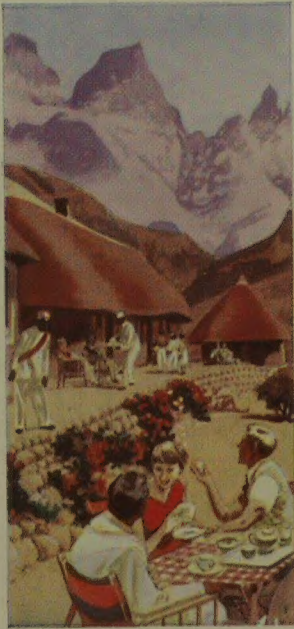
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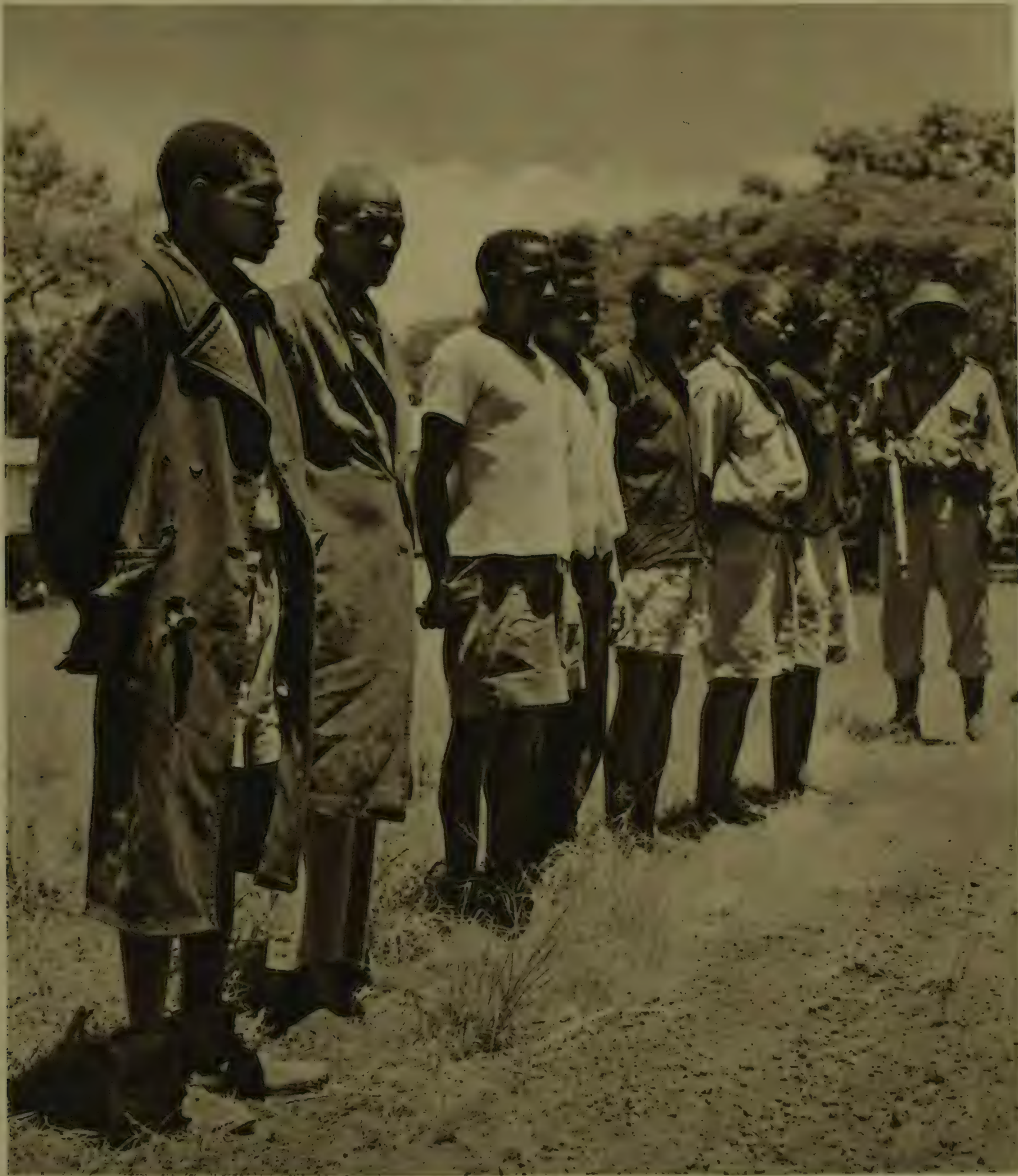


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SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1959.



AFTER THEIR ARREST BY SECURITY FORCES: SEVEN ALLEGED RINGLEADERS OF AN AFRICAN GANG IN NYASALAND.

Following the declaration of a state of emergency in Nyasaland on March 3, disorders and security operations continued in the territory. The Africans in the photograph are claimed to be alleged ringleaders of a notorious African group, known as the Kwacha gang, from the Mlanje district of Nyasaland, who were arrested on March 9. On March 14, Sir Robert Armitage, the Governor, said in a broadcast that, although he had declared a state of emergency, proscribing the Nyasaland African Congress and

detaining its leaders, there were still many people at large bent on pursuing a policy of violence. In many areas which appeared peaceful, intimidation was still rife. At the time of his broadcast it was learned that two Africans had been killed by security forces in an area where gangs armed with bicycle chains, whips and axes were reported to be operating. This brought the number of Africans killed since the state of emergency was declared to forty-three. (Other photographs appear on page 465.)

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HALF a million people, it is said, have signed a petition to Parliament asking that the Gilbert and Sullivan operas should be exempted from the condition in the Copyright laws by which copyright in works of literature and music expires fifty years after the death of its creator. Sullivan's copyright in his enchanting music has already expired, for he died in 1900; Gilbert's has two more years to run. And as the words and music are one and indivisible the operas have so far been protected from vandalism and exploitation and, under the existing law, will continue to be so protected until 1961 but no longer. Thereafter California and Tin Pan Alley can do their worst with impunity.

I doubt, however, whether they will do much injury to the operas so long as there survives a public in this country and the United States and Dominions sufficiently intelligent and cultivated to realise how unique and, in their own way, perfect these operas are. They can be altered, but only for the worse; they cannot be improved and anyone who tries to do so will inevitably meet the same fate as those who have tried to re-write and improve on Shakespeare and Dickens. I am all for extending the period of authors' and musicians' copyright, for it has always seemed to me—though I am an interested party—unjust that the creations of writers and musicians, alone among the works of man in free communities, should be nationalised in this way without compensation to their creators or creators' heirs. The argument that works of literary and musical genius, or even no genius at all, are so precious that they ought to be made the property of all at the earliest possible date seems strangely unfair to those whose labour and skill create them. For why should not those who make them receive the same protection from the Law as those who build houses or plant trees or make farms or a million other articles of common use? It is difficult, indeed, to think of anyone who is so completely the creator of what he makes as an author or musician; a writer, after all, exploits no one unless it be his secretary, if he can afford to employ one, or his wife if anyone is fool enough to marry him! And the injustice of the distinction made against him is the greater because he is prohibited by our curious tax laws from capitalising the value of his time-limited copyright in his own lifetime; if he chooses to sell the copyright of his works in the hope, say, of retiring, the entire proceeds are assessed as the income of the year in which he sells it and subjected to income tax and surtax, in other words, if it is worth a substantial sum, almost its entire capital value is taken by the community. And this despite the fact that on his death, the estimated capital value of an author's copyright or what remains of it is subjected to death duties like any other form of capital regardless of the fact that in his lifetime he was denied any opportunity of treating it as capital. As the number of professional authors and musicians is, for obvious reasons, strictly limited and therefore electorally insignificant, it seems unlikely, however, that the law, either of copyright or taxation, will be changed in their favour. So it is difficult to see, on grounds of equity, why the copyright of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas should be treated differently.

Yet the fact remains that they are an immortal possession of the Anglo-Saxon race and, one would have thought, of anyone who can appreciate delicate, beautiful and witty music. The fact that half a million people have signed a petition for their special protection is one of the most encouraging things I have heard of for a long time. It shows that there is far more appreciation of quality in wit and music than might be supposed. So does the fact that every performance of this winter's London season of the D'Oyly Carte Company has been packed, as indeed the Company's performances are wherever it goes. Among those who have attended the operas in London this winter have been the Queen, Sir Winston Churchill, Field Marshal Montgomery, the Lord Chancellor and the First Lord of the Admiralty—the last two, no doubt, to watch their Victorian counterparts presented with such sprightly gusto by that superb artist and singer, Peter Pratt.

Indeed, though all the operas guy human nature and make a jest of its foibles and frailties, it is their warmth of humanity that most appeals to me. For even when Gilbert in his wit is heartless—and in one or two of the operas, notably "Patience" and "The Mikado," he is—Sullivan, with his tender and sensitive music, is never so. Brilliant though Gilbert's humour and stagecraft are—and how brilliant one can see by comparing Burnand's "Box and Cox" with his "Trial by Jury" that sprang out of it—it is Sullivan who gives the operas their immortality. How could "Patience" survive without the enchanting song in which Grosvenor makes his proposal and Patience refuses him, or without the irresistible ballad of the Silver Churn? And what would "Ruddigore" be without that succession of wonderful airs that follow from the first bar of the overture to the great closing duet between Sir Roderick Murgatroyd and Dame Hannah, which, for all its apparent absurdity, never fails to move me as the last act of "A Winter's Tale" moves. And how superbly Anne Drummond Grant and Donald Adams sing it in the present D'Oyly Carte Company's presentation! Though even this, I think, is excelled by the singing—by virtually the whole Company—of the bridal madrigal at the end of the first Act: surely, if one can set one above another, the loveliest of all Sullivan's airs, and worthy, did intellectual snobbery not impede our hearing, of Purcell or Mozart.

Yet a work of art is to be judged as a whole and in the context for which it was created. Gilbert and Sullivan's operas were made to be sung and acted on the stage, and it is in their supreme suitability for being sung and acted that their genius resides. The same is true of Shakespeare's plays. It is the gusto and sense of enjoyment with which the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company performs them, more than three-quarters of a century after they were first written, that makes seeing and hearing them—again and again—such a delight. When Leonard Osborn gives his rollicking performance of Richard Dauntless, the Man-o'-War's man, or joins with Donald Adams in the great song about the House of Lords in "Iolanthe," when Kenneth Sandford presents the Grand Inquisitor—and has anyone in the long history of these operas ever done it better?—or when Peter Pratt, Jean Hindmarsh and Jeffrey Skitch give their inspired performance of Sir Joseph Porter, Josephine and Captain Corcoran singing and dancing "Never mind the why and wherefore," we are not merely watching actors but seeing a representation, perfect and changeless, of creations as valid and eternal in their own unassuming way as those of Don Quixote or Sairey Gamp or Sir John Falstaff. Any part that can make actor or singer do that has in it the spirit of immortality. And the entire D'Oyly Carte Company, including the Management, the orchestra, and Peter Goffin who has re-designed, so exquisitely and with such historical understanding, so many of the dresses and sets, is touched by that spirit, carrying the delight and infectious enjoyment of it into every corner of our land. Long—copyright or no copyright—may they continue to do so!



ON THE SECOND DAY OF HIS PARIS VISIT: MR. MACMILLAN (LEFT) AND PRESIDENT DE GAULLE CONVERSING AT THE ELYSEE PALACE ON MARCH 10.

As a pendant to his visit to Russia, Mr. Macmillan began a series of brief visits to Paris, Bonn, Ottawa and Washington, presumably to inform other leaders of the Western powers of the nature of the information he had gained in Russia. On March 9 Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd went to Paris and began with conversations with M. Debré and M. Couve de Murville, meeting and conversing with President de Gaulle on the following day. The programme for the rest of the visits was: Bonn, March 12-13; Ottawa, March 18; with the talks with President Eisenhower beginning on March 20.

Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, when they first appeared in the late 'seventies, 'eighties and early 'nineties, were, of course, immensely topical. They reflected the topics, the humour, the current thought and chit-chat of their age, just as Shakespeare's plays did of his age. I like to recall that my father went to a performance of "Iolanthe" with Captain Shaw, the founder of the London Fire Brigade, and sat beside him in the stalls while the Fairy Queen sang directly at him:

Oh, Captain Shaw!
Type of true love kept under!
Could thy Brigade
With cold cascade
Quench my great love I wonder?

How many of those, particularly of the younger generation, who delight in this wonderful comic opera to-day, have the remotest idea who Captain Shaw was or why the Fairy Queen should have apostrophised him? Yet, just as with Shakespeare, the very degree to which the operas mirror the age in which they were written makes them free of all time. For, being works of genius, the intensity with which they reflect the contemporary scene and feeling opens a door on human nature and its unchanging verities.



TAKING PRECAUTIONS: A EUROPEAN MOTHER KEEPS A REVOLVER AND A DOG CLOSE AT HAND AS SHE GIVES BREAKFAST TO HER YOUNG DAUGHTER.

IN NYASALAND: VARIED SCENES DURING THE DISTURBANCES.



WEAPONS CAPTURED FROM RIOTING AFRICANS WHICH WERE RECENTLY SHOWN TO JOURNALISTS WHO MET THE DISTRICT COMMISSIONER AT MLANJE.



AT A BURNT-OUT AFRICAN HOME IN AN AREA WHERE RIOTING BROKE OUT AFTER AN AFRICAN HAD BEEN DETAINED.



THE SMOKING RUINS OF A HOUSE AT MLANJE, CLAIMED TO HAVE BEEN BURNT BY SECURITY FORCES AS IT CONTAINED LOOTED GOODS.



AFRICAN POLICE INSPECTING A LOOTED ASIAN STORE IN THE MLANJE DISTRICT AFTER THE EVACUATION OF ASIANS FROM THE AREA.



IN BLANTYRE: THE GOVERNOR OF NYASALAND, SIR ROBERT ARMITAGE, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING A RECENT PRESS CONFERENCE.

On March 14, some three weeks after the disturbances broke out in Nyasaland, it was announced in Blantyre that the security forces were clearing the Southern Province, holding the Central Province, but were being held up in the Northern Province by the weather and terrain. The Earl of Perth, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, was setting out on a fact-finding tour. On March 12, African leaders were detained in Northern Rhodesia, where a first outbreak of

violence occurred soon afterwards. Thus all the most active African leaders in the Federation had been placed in detention. While the Government's decision on the sending of a commission of inquiry to Nyasaland was awaited, criticism of the security measures—taken or proposed—in the Federation was expressed in various quarters, ranging from the Opposition in London to the Salisbury Bar in Southern Rhodesia.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S TOUR: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN HONG KONG.



TAKING THE SALUTE AT A MARCH-PAST IN HONG KONG ON MARCH 7: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT ONE OF THE BIGGEST COMBINED SERVICES PARADES EVER HELD IN THE COLONY.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH arrived on March 6 at Queen's Pier in the Royal yacht for a two-day visit to Hong Kong. His Royal Highness attended a garden party at Government House and later was the guest of the Chinese community at a Chinese dinner. On the following day the Duke of Edinburgh took the salute at one of the biggest parades of the combined services ever held in the Colony and then visited Kowloon to lay the foundation-stone of the Queen Elizabeth Hospital, which, it is claimed, will be the largest hospital in the Commonwealth. His Royal Highness also presented the Royal Warrant granting Hong Kong its own coat-of-arms, was a spectator at a big football match and, in the evening, watched a children's rally in the Government stadium in which 3000 children took part. The Duke was presented with a peach on a silver platter after an item representing a Chinese birthday feast of the Queen Mother of Heaven. The Duke sailed for the Solomon Islands on March 8.

(Right.)
JOKING WITH CHINESE CHILDREN ABOARD A JUNK: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISITING THE FISHERIES CENTRE AT ABERDEEN ON MARCH 8, AFTER ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE IN ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL.



GRANTED BY THE QUEEN ON JANUARY 29 AND PRESENTED TO THE COLONY ON MARCH 7 BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE NEW ARMORIAL ENSIGNS OF HONG KONG, WITH A LION AND CHINESE DRAGON AS SUPPORTERS.



PRESENTED WITH A PEACH (SYMBOL OF LONGEVITY AND PROSPERITY) ON A SILVER PLATTER: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE CHILDREN'S RALLY IN THE GOVERNMENT STADIUM.



LOOKING AT A MODEL OF THE QUEEN ELIZABETH HOSPITAL AFTER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN KOWLOON.



A SERIOUS FIRE IN ILFORD: FIREMEN FIGHTING THE BLAZE, WHICH BURNT OUT A LARGE FURNISHING STORE AND OTHER PREMISES.

The shop and warehouse premises of Messrs. Harrison Gibson, the large furnishing store in Ilford, Essex, and other shops and stores were burnt out in a fire which started at 7.30 p.m. on March 16. The block where the fire occurred was situated along one side of Ilford High Road and near the main Liverpool Street to Harwich railway line, and both road and rail traffic were interrupted. Electricity supplies were cut off over a wide area. Firemen succeeded in preventing the fire from spreading to the other side of the High Road, but even so neighbouring premises were damaged by the intense heat.

In the nearby Ilford Town Hall, boys from a local school were attending a speech day. As the flames leapt high into the air, a large fleet of fire-engines arrived, coming in from many districts. A large crowd of onlookers were held back by police cordons because of the danger of exploding petrol tanks. By midnight, this major fire had been brought under control, only two minor casualties being sustained by the fire brigades. Harrison Gibson had previously nearly completed extensive additions to their premises. According to one estimate, property and goods worth £500,000 were lost.

WHEN news reached this country of the outbreak of a revolt against the Iraqi Government it was evident that the first commentators were puzzled. This state of mind was due to the obscurity of the Government's policy. To some General Kassem appeared to be a Communist pure and simple. Others would have it that he was merely gentle with the Communists and that his object was to follow a middle line. It was not even entirely clear what were the aims of Colonel Shawaf and his followers when they rose in Mosul on March 7. Even now all is not apparent, though doubts on most points will hardly survive for long and may be banished by the time these words are read.

The rebels seem to have got off to a fairly good start locally, even though their claims were fantastically exaggerated. At one moment they asserted that the Government was as good as defeated and that revolt was spreading over the whole country. Later, the Government claimed that it had never spread beyond Mosul and that the broadcasting station from which the boasts originated was, in fact, not Mosul Radio or situated within the boundaries of Iraq, but was operating from "a neighbouring country," by which Syria was meant. The extinction of the revolt, however, does not seem to have been altogether easy. The decisive factor was probably the intervention of the Iraqi Air Force—which would not have been used as it was unless resistance had been troublesome.

General Kassem was obviously full of confidence so far as Baghdad was concerned by the middle of last week. Photographs show him addressing a mass meeting there at close quarters enough to be an easy mark for a rifle. He denounced the United Arab Republic in bitter terms. As I write, however, an interesting story has come in, which is completely at variance with the thesis that the U.A.R. was at the back of the plot. An agent now in hiding in Mosul was said to have made a bargain that, if his life were spared, he would provide information which would show that the rising was in fact due to an "imperialist" plot, and "imperialism" in Communist or ultra-nationalist Asian jargon always stands for the West, particularly Britain and America.

It was further alleged that this agent was instrumental in inducing Colonel Shawaf to rise on March 7. It was also asserted that the agent professed to have been acting for a branch of the Baghdad Pact organisation. What a marvellous body this must be! Here we have been supposing that it was trailing after events and it has, we are told, been able to do a deal with the U.A.R. to launch a combined attack on the Iraqi Government. In point of fact this is, it need hardly be said, pure gammon. Brigadier Kassem did not, it is true, exploit this nonsense in his speech, but one can hardly suppose that his spokesman would have produced it without his consent.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE FAILURE OF THE REVOLT IN IRAQ.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

At almost the same time, which was also that at which he was being hanged in effigy in Iraq, President Nasser pronounced a bitter oration. It should be noted that, immediately after the revolution which brought General Kassem to power, Nasser had been hoping to draw Iraq into the United Arab Republic and seemed to have a fair prospect of success; also that, though this project had failed, a sort of truce between Egypt and Iraq had been established just before Colonel Shawaf's outbreak. Now he launched a heavy attack upon the Iraqi Prime Minister. The most significant feature of his speech was, however, his admission that Communism had penetrated into Arab countries.

There was more to come. President Nasser said that the Communists of Iraq had demonstrated

result must surely be to drive it further to the left, that is to say, definitely into the anti-Western camp. Formal withdrawal from the Baghdad Pact on its part would be the least important result because Iraq has not been an effective member since General Kassem took office. The gravest problems concern the country's own future.

It is too soon to say that General Kassem will now have to throw in his lot with Russia. He has been careful to avoid doing that up to date, but he may have to change his line now.

If he continues to follow a middle line his situation is not to be envied. It would not be beyond the power of President Nasser to have Iraq black-balled by practically all the Arab communities. For Britain and other users and distributors of oil the future may be unpleasant either way, though it should be noted that there has been no substantial fall in oil shares up to the time of writing. Obviously, an anti-Western but more or less independent Communist régime would be preferable to that of a Russian satellite, but there would always remain a risk of the first-

named status being exchanged for the second. On the other hand, President Nasser's primary aim has always been that of controlling the Arab world, and if he is now furious with the Communists and with Russia it is because they have been in his view the instruments by means of which this ambition has hitherto been foiled.

In other respects he is not notably consistent and has often in the past shifted his ground. If, however, he remains consistent this time the policy may prove epoch-making. His material power is trifling, as Israel has proved more than once, but even if his power lies almost entirely in his own lungs and tongue and in the propaganda machinery which he has established it would be folly to underestimate it. He is a remarkable man who has devised a method of winning battles by means other than force—and at the same time one of persuading all the world that matters to him, the streets and bazaars of the Middle East, that when he has lost military battles

he has, in fact, been victorious. It is a precarious form of power, but while it lasts highly efficient.

The policy announced in his remarkable speech in Damascus on March 11 was nothing less than a challenge by Arab nationalism to Communism. It is true that he made certain qualifications, such as that he was still a neutralist and that he had warred against the "imperialist" Powers and against Israel. Nevertheless, if he sticks to his ground the whole political situation in the Middle East will undergo a radical change. It is not sufficient to say that Arab nationalism, for all its extravagances, is preferable to Communism. The new alignment might also involve further unrest and dangerous bickering. We have yet to see how Russia takes it. If it comes to that, we have yet to see how far President Nasser is in earnest; if fully and determinedly, we shall hear much about the Middle East this year.



THE UPRISING IN NORTHERN IRAQ: GENERAL KASSEM, THE PRIME MINISTER OF IRAQ, ACKNOWLEDGING CHEERING CROWDS FROM THE ROOF OF THE DEFENCE MINISTRY IN BAGHDAD ON MARCH 9, WHEN THE IRAQ AIR FORCE WAS REPORTED TO BE BOMBING MOSUL, THE CENTRE OF THE REVOLT.

The uprising in Iraq, which is discussed by Captain Falls, was reported by Baghdad Radio on March 8. Reports of anti-Government activity in Mosul had, however, been circulating in Baghdad for a week previously. On March 9, it was officially announced in Baghdad that Colonel Shawaf, leader of the Mosul rising, was dead, and Baghdad Radio claimed that the revolt had been crushed. The revolt led to marked worsening of relations between the Governments of Iraq and the United Arab Republic. In Baghdad, the United Arab Republic—as well as Britain, America and unspecified imperialism—were variously blamed for the rising, and in Cairo, President Nasser spoke bitterly against General Kassem and Arab Communists.

against the U.A.R. These proved to his satisfaction that they were foes to the freedom of their own country; they were working for foreigners. But, whatever be the "discoveries" in Iraq about the officials of the Baghdad Pact, President Nasser was not talking of it when he spoke of foreigners. He was, in fact, accusing Russia. He was attacking Communism, not only in Iraq but in other Arab countries, certainly Syria and perhaps also Egypt, and asserting that they took their instructions from Communist parties "abroad." From what Communist party other than the Russian are they likely to have received such instructions?

In short, Colonel Shawaf's abortive rising was in essence a revolt against the left wing of General Kassem's adherents. The rebels believed that this section had established ascendancy and that the Government had become one of the left wing. The

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



MOSUL, IRAQ. THE SCENE OF COLONEL SHAWAF'S ABORTIVE RISING AGAINST GENERAL KASSEM'S REGIME. THE CITY WAS STRAFED BY THE IRAQI AIR FORCE.

(Right.) IRAQ. COLONEL SHAWAF, ARMY COMMANDER IN NORTHERN IRAQ, WHO LED THE UNSUCCESSFUL REBELLION AGAINST THE PRIME MINISTER GENERAL KASSEM, ON MARCH 7.

The rebellion in Iraq, discussed by Captain Falls on page 468, ended in a victory for the Prime Minister after Air Force rockets had bombarded the city of Mosul, centre of the uprising. The rebellion, led by Colonel Shawaf, was directed mainly against the pro-Communist element of General Kassem's supporters, and its failure has greatly widened the breach between Iraq and the United Arab Republic.



FLORENCE, ITALY. VITTORIO MUSSOLINI, SON OF THE LATE ITALIAN DICTATOR, RECEIVING CONGRATULATIONS AFTER BEING CLEARED OF THE CHARGE OF DESERTION. Vittorio Mussolini returned to Italy on March 5 from Buenos Aires, where he has been living for fourteen years, to face a military tribunal in Florence. In 1943 Vittorio was detained by Hitler, whom he had approached on behalf of his imprisoned father.



EAST BERLIN. 300,000 BERLINERS WELCOME MR. KHRUSHCHEV ON HIS ARRIVAL FROM LEIPZIG ON MARCH 7. HE PAID A FIVE-DAY VISIT TO THE CITY. The Russian Prime Minister, Mr. Khrushchev, during his recent visit to East Berlin, repeated his proposals for a "Free City" in West Berlin, and charged the Western Powers with attempting to widen the gulf between the two parts of Germany.



RHODES, GREECE. NINE EOKA FIGHTERS RELEASED FROM JAIL IN CYPRUS ARE CROWNED WITH LAURELS AS THEY ARRIVE BACK IN THEIR ISLAND AMONG CHEERING CROWDS. "Long Live Dighenis!" was the cry of 20,000 people of the Greek island of Rhodes, as nine of their fellow islanders returned from jails in Cyprus, where six of them had been under sentence of death for Eoka activities. Now, following the amnesty, they are free to wear their laurels.



FORMOSA. KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN (LEFT) WITH PRESIDENT CHIANG KAI-SHEK ON HIS ARRIVAL AT THE CHINESE NATIONALIST STRONGHOLD ON HIS WORLD TOUR. On the first part of his six-week world tour, which will take him to the Far East, the United States and Great Britain, King Hussein arrived in Formosa on March 9. He conferred with President Chiang Kai-shek on matters of mutual importance.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



U.S.A. THE FAST NEW U.S. ATOMIC SUBMARINE SKIPJACK SPEEDING THROUGH LONG ISLAND SOUND AFTER SUCCESSFUL SEA TRIALS.

Skipjack recently completed successful sea trials lasting two days. Her performance in high-speed manoeuvres was described as superb. She is one of a class of three new medium atomic-powered submarines and has diving planes fitted to her slender conning-tower.



JAPAN. ROBES FOR THE WEDDING OF PRINCE AKIHITO (RIGHT) AND THOSE FOR HIS BRIDE (LEFT). The wedding of Crown Prince Akihito and his commoner bride, Miss Michiko Shoda, has been tentatively arranged for April 10. Above, Prince Akihito, right, is seen in the Imperial robes he will wear for the occasion, and those to be worn by his bride are shown in a photograph of the Emperor's eldest daughter taken on her own wedding day.



U.S.A. BEING HAULED DOWN FROM THE TOP OF A 71-FT. FLAGPOLE IN INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, ON WHICH SHE HAD SPENT 211 DAYS, 9 HOURS, EQUALLING (IT IS CLAIMED) THE WORLD POLE-SQUATTING RECORD: MAURI ROSE KIRBY, AGED SEVENTEEN.



ITALY. A VIEW OF SIRTÀ, WHICH WITH ITS NEIGHBOURING HAMLET, PANICÀ—NEAR THE ALPINE RESORT, SONDRIO, NORTH OF MILAN—IS THREATENED BY A LANDSLIDE. INHABITANTS HAVE REFUSED TO LEAVE.



U.S.S.R. A HIGHLY LUXURIOUS RUSSIAN TV SET, WHICH, IT IS REPORTED, IS SOON TO GO INTO MASS PRODUCTION. THE GENEROUSLY PLANNED SET INCLUDES A TELEVISION RECEIVER, A TAPE RECORDER, A RADIO RECEIVER AND A RECORD PLAYER.



U.S.A. AN EXPERIMENTAL CAPSULE FOR CARRYING A MAN IN SPACE DURING TEST LANDINGS IN VIRGINIA. Water landing tests have recently been carried out by the Langley Research Center of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration with this wooden experimental "mock-up" of a capsule for human travel in space. The model was dropped from a crane into Back River at Langley, and scientific measurements were made.



U.S.A. HAULING THE CAPSULE ALOFT BEFORE DROPPING IT INTO THE WATER DURING THE WATER LANDING TESTS.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



SITTARD, THE NETHERLANDS. THE COLLECTING OF CRUMBS: A TRADITIONAL OCCASION AT SITTARD, IN THE DUTCH COAL-MINING AREA. THE CUSTOM, BASED ON A BIBLICAL STORY, BEGINS WITH THE LOCAL BAKERS SCATTERING BREAD FRAGMENTS, LATER COLLECTED BY THE LOCAL INHABITANTS.



MILAN, ITALY. AN ITALIAN CHILD IS INTRODUCED TO ONE OF THE PLASTIC ZEBRAS WHICH HAVE BEEN SET UP IN THE CITY IN AN ATTEMPT TO PERSUADE CHILDREN TO USE PEDESTRIAN CROSSINGS—AND SO REDUCE THE HEAVY ROAD ACCIDENT RATE IN MILAN.



(Left.) DENMARK. KING FREDERIK, WITH QUEEN INGRID AND THE ROYAL PRINCESSES, AT THE THEATRE IN COPENHAGEN WHEN HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY WAS CELEBRATED.

On March 11 King Frederik attended a special performance of Puccini's opera "Gianni Schicchi" at the Royal Theatre as part of his sixtieth birthday celebrations. With the King and Queen are Princess Margrethe, left, Princess Benedikte and Princess Anne Marie, right. The striking study of the King, right, is by August Tørseff, a noted painter of Danish Royal portraits.



A PORTRAIT OF KING FREDERIK BY AUGUST TØRSEFF, WHO HAS PAINTED PORTRAITS OF THE DANISH KING ON A NUMBER OF OCCASIONS.



MALINDI, KENYA. THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER (RIGHT) AND LORD ANGUS MONTAGU WITH THE 124-LB. AND 114-LB. MARLIN THEY HAD CAUGHT. The sailfish season of Malindi, which opened with a phenomenal run on December 14, has been exceptional. and up to February 18 the total of bill-fish boated from Malindi was 212, two of the heaviest being the 124-lb. marlin caught by the Duke of Manchester and the 114-lb. marlin by his son, Lord Angus Montagu.



SOUTH AFRICA. LORD FRASER OF LONSDALE, CENTRE, AFTER A SUCCESSFUL TUNNY-FISHING EXPEDITION DURING A RECENT BUSINESS TRIP. Fishing has long been one of Lord Fraser's favourite pastimes, and he is seen here after a successful tunny-fishing expedition off Cape Point. Lord Fraser (formerly Sir Ian Fraser, M.P.) was blinded in the First World War.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV-V.



IN THE BERLIN OF NUMEROUS POLICE CHECKS AND RIGID CONTROLS: EAST BERLIN PEOPLE'S POLICE STOPPING A PRIVATE CAR.



A DESERTED VIEW IN EAST BERLIN: NEW WORKERS' FLATS IN A STREET WHICH, UNDER THE PRESENT REGIME, IS TYPICALLY ALMOST EMPTY OF TRAFFIC.



A HOUSEWIFE LOOKS OUT FROM HER FLAT ON TO A STREET IN THE STEGLITZ DISTRICT OF WEST BERLIN, WITH THE FEAR LEST IT SHOULD ONE DAY BECOME EMPTY AND DEAD LIKE THE EASTERN SECTOR.



THE CATHEDRAL, A NOTED FEATURE OF THE CITY, STANDS GAUNTLY IN THE EASTERN SECTOR, WHILE WORKMEN TEND THE GRASSY VERGES.



A WORKMAN LEVELLING WHEAT INSIDE A WELL-STOCKED WHEAT STORAGE BUILDING IN WEST BERLIN. SINCE THE BERLIN BLOCKADE, FOOD SUPPLIES FOR WEST BERLIN HAVE BEEN OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE.



ANOTHER SCENE INSIDE A WESTERN SECTOR WAREHOUSE: CHIEF BURGOMASTER, HAS RECENTLY



PROPOSED "STOCKPILING" IN THE SECTOR.



FULL TO OVERFLOWING: STOCKS OF TINNED MEAT IN STORE IN A WEST BERLIN WAREHOUSE. FULL STOREHOUSES IN WEST BERLIN WOULD ALLOW TIME FOR NEGOTIATION BEFORE A NEW "AIRLIFT," IF A BLOCKADE WERE REIMPOSED.



A PEOPLE'S ARMY MILITARY DISPLAY TAKING PLACE IN EAST BERLIN, ALTHOUGH ONLY THE OCCUPYING POWERS MAY, BY AGREEMENT, KEEP MILITARY FORMATIONS IN BERLIN.



PUERILE PROPAGANDA IN THE EASTERN SECTOR OF BERLIN: A POSTER SHOWING MR. STRAUSS, WEST GERMAN DEFENCE MINISTER, AS A LATTERDAY HITLER.



A SUNDAY SCENE ON THE BORDER BETWEEN THE EASTERN AND WESTERN SECTORS: AN EAST BERLIN MILITARY BAND GIVING A CONCERT—TO A SMALL AUDIENCE.



A SCENE OF GAIETY IN AN OTHERWISE NOT-TO-GAY CITY: A DANCER PERFORMING AT THE MOST LUXURIOUS NIGHT CLUB IN EAST BERLIN.

WEST AND EAST BERLIN: CONTRASTING SCENES IN THE TWO SECTORS OF THE FORMER GERMAN CAPITAL—NOW A PRESSING POLITICAL PROBLEM.

An isolated outpost of the Western bloc deep in the heart of East Germany, West Berlin is a source of embarrassment to the Eastern authorities and, with its highly vulnerable communication links with the West, of anxiety to the Western alliance. The Berlin blockade and more recent actions of a similar nature showed how rapidly tension could rise over West Berlin. In the divided city itself, conditions in the two sectors are in striking contrast. The prosperity

of the Western half is far greater than that of its Eastern neighbour, and, as reported in a previous issue, there is a constant stream of refugees crossing the border into West Berlin. In 1958, they totalled over 119,000—many more than the total of those passing from east to west at other points along the border, where the crossing is more difficult. The problem of Berlin at once became far more urgent when, last November, the Soviet Union called on the

West to agree to West Berlin becoming a free city, demilitarised and with its own government, and announced that Soviet authority in East Berlin would be given up and full sovereignty handed over to the East Germans. At the same time, a six-month period for negotiating the city's new status was suggested. More recently, during his visit to East Germany, Mr. Khrushchev said the Soviet Union would retain its control rights in Berlin until a peace

treaty was signed with one German state or the other; but that if there were reasonable negotiations, the transfer of control rights to the East German Government could be postponed until after May, the end of the original six-month period. Following this, it appeared likely that the Western Powers would propose an east-west Foreign Ministers meeting to be held early in May, and the next phase in Berlin's uncertain future would then begin.

THE UNIVERSE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE "SPACE AGE."

V. THE ORIGIN OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

By R. A. LYTTLETON, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

THE earliest scientific attempts to explain the existence of the planets go back to the time of Laplace who put forward the famous nebular hypothesis. This theory postulated that at some remote time the whole material of the system—sun, planets, satellites, and all—was spread out into a cool rarefied disc-shaped nebula with a radial extent exceeding the present range of the planets. This nebula gradually contracted and thereby rotated more quickly to leave behind at its rim successive rings of material that stayed out where they were because of centrifugal force overcoming the attraction of the rest of the nebula. Each ring then gathered itself together to form a compact planet moving in a circular path at the appropriate distance, and the process happened enough times to produce each of the actual planets in turn. Only a trifling part of the original nebula (less than 1/500) was shed off into planets, and the remainder finally condensed into a single far larger central mass to make the primitive sun.

Attractive as this theory has proved, it meets with insurmountable dynamical difficulties at almost every point and equally serious physical ones. To mention but one of the first kind: if the nebula rotated fast enough to lose material at its edge, the remaining part would need to have far more rotational momentum than could possibly be stored in a slowly-rotating body such as the sun. As for the second kind of difficulty, the sun being still largely (over 90 per cent.) composed of hydrogen could not at this earlier stage have consisted of solid material mainly of heavy elements suitable for forming planets. Nevertheless, there is a fair degree of resemblance between the nebular hypothesis and certain modern theories based on much greater knowledge of the nature of the problem, and it is possible that in outline at least Laplace guessed with remarkable intuition.

This evolutionary theory being open to serious objection, attention turned at about the beginning of this century to what are often termed "catastrophic" theories. In these, some exceptional violent occurrence is postulated, as the first development, with a view to extracting the planetary material from the actual surface layers of the sun, where it is otherwise firmly held by a powerful gravitational field. The most elaborately investigated of such theories was Jeans's so-called "Tidal Theory." According to it, another star swept past the sun quite close to its surface and by the greater strength of its gravitational attraction succeeded not only in raising gigantic tidal waves on the solar surface but in actually detaching the outermost tops of these waves, much as drops of spray are detached from breaking sea waves by the wind. These "drops" of solar material would form the primitive planets, and their endeavour to follow along after the receding star would drag them sideways into orbits circling the sun.

The process at least puts the planetary motions into much the same plane (that of the motion of the passing star) and in the same general direction round the sun, but it fails to account for the rapid rotations of the planets about their axes (in less than half a day for Jupiter and Saturn, for instance, whereas the sun rotates once in about twenty-five days). For this reason Jeffreys proposed an actual material collision between the supposed star and the sun, since two gaseous bodies sliding over each other at the several hundred miles a second that would result could easily generate the necessary vorticity that would eventually show itself as planetary rotations when these bodies had later condensed out of the material removed from the outer parts of the two stars. But both the tidal and collision theories in this form meet with a fatal difficulty in that, even supposing they could satisfactorily produce planets, these if retained by the sun must inevitably move quite close to its surface at no more than a few radii distance if as much. Dynamical considerations show that it

would be utterly impossible by either process to get a planet out to move even at Mercury's present distance (80 solar radii), never mind Neptune's distance (over 6000 solar radii!). The collision process fares worse than the tidal method because the passing star comes even nearer the centre of the sun.

At the time these ideas were propounded, it had not yet been realised that the sun is nearly all hydrogen, and so it was not appreciated that the sun itself was not really a suitable source in any case for planetary material with its abundance of heavy elements. However, supposing the collision theory otherwise satisfactory, there was a simple way out of the above difficulty when once the notion that the sun *must* be the source of the planets could be got over. It is necessary to understand that the sun is in the middle of the solar system ruling over its affairs simply because the sun contains almost all the mass. This is a dynamical consequence, and in fact affords no clue as to whether the planets originated from the sun. So why not postulate that in the remote past the sun had a companion star gravitationally bound to it at just such a distance that the great planets move to-day. There is nothing absurd about such an idea, for the majority of stars in the heavens have companions, and many double stars are known similar in type to the sun with companions at just such distances. If now a passing star this time grazes the sun's companion,



PHOTOGRAPHS OF VENUS, SHOWING THE PHASES AND THE CHANGE IN APPARENT DIAMETER WHICH RESULTS FROM THE PLANET'S REVOLUTION ABOUT THE SUN IN AN ORBIT LYING INSIDE THAT OF THE EARTH.

and not the sun itself, it is not difficult to demonstrate that such a collision besides producing the planets could, at the same time, have speeded up the companion to the slight extent needed to cause it to break away from the sun and depart from the realm of the solar system for ever. This extra requirement is essential, for there is certainly no sign of any companion star now.

If this form of the collision theory founders, it is not because of the "improbability" of such an event, which is not a valid objection to any past occurrence so long as it *can* happen, but once again because the material of ordinary stars contains far too little in the way of heavy elements to provide a suitable source for the planets. Further developments have accordingly been addressed to overcoming this difficulty and have centred round the possibility that the planetary material must have resulted from a supernova explosion. In such a process, heavy elements are distributed into space on a prodigious scale, with the exploding star thereby losing a considerable fraction of its whole mass. Supposing a companion star to the sun to have become a supernova through its own gradual evolution, it is no longer necessary to introduce a third star to separate it from the sun. For the explosion need have but the smallest degree of asymmetry, as it would inevitably owing to rotation, for the recoil to suffice to break the comparatively weak gravitational bond with the sun, and the sun itself need (and indeed could) capture but the tiniest fraction, a mere wisp, of the vast quantity of heavy elements, enough in fact to make several suns, flung out into space for there to be enough eventually to form all the planets.

But the theory takes a new turn at this point, because although it succeeds in providing the heavy elements, there is no possibility of material released from a supernova at a temperature of many millions of degrees immediately condensing into compact cold planets, and it is this feature that brings the course of development to something

resembling the Laplace nebula, though with important differences. Captured by the sun, the material would begin to move round it at a general distance comparable with that of the erstwhile companion, but because of its high temperature, it would expand and cool, and gradually spread itself out into a flattened annular ring. The more it cooled the more flattened it would become, because this is the dynamical form that such a mass must take on. When the cooling had proceeded sufficiently far, the structure would be that of a flattened disc extending almost from the sun itself at its inner rim out beyond the orbit of Neptune at its outermost part. It would be made up of tiny solid particles accompanied by such gases as could subsist at the locally prevailing temperature, now of course maintained solely by the sun. And it is from this disc that the planets would gradually form, but not by the process envisaged by Laplace.

The process of growth would happen at first by a simple process of accumulation: collisions between particles would form larger particles, and some of these in turn would collide to collect more. The larger a particle grew, the greater would be its chance of running into others, and at first this would depend on its mere size. There is no hurry about this stage of the process—some hundreds of millions of years may have been involved. But sooner or later some accumulations, having by chance taken an early lead, would become so large that their gravitational attractions would rise to such importance that they could reach out and attract in particles from distances beyond those their mere size would permit, and the larger they grew the more would this be so. Like large financial corporations, they would absorb the smaller concerns. Such a planet will only cease to grow when all the material of the disc in its

general neighbourhood has been collected in. According to the theory, the various planets represent the successful large accumulations in their respective domains. The process puts them into more or less circular orbits because the particles of the disc itself will all be circling round the sun at rates depending on their distances from it, and it also puts the primitive planets more or less in one plane, namely that of the disc.

It is beyond the power of any conceivable telescope to find out by direct inspection whether any other stars possess planets, for even the brilliant Jupiter would be quite undetectable if we were able to view the environs of the sun from the distance of even the nearest stars. So it is only when we have some reliable theory of the origin of our system that we can begin to speculate whether other planetary systems may exist. If formation of the solar system required a collision between stars, then at once they must be very rare formations, though not necessarily quite unique, for our own galaxy contains 100,000,000,000 stars and there may be a similar number or even more external galaxies containing a comparable number of stars. On the other hand, if the explosion of a supernova within a binary system is the basic requirement, there may be many thousands of planetary systems even in our own galaxy, with a moderate proportion of these perhaps containing here and there a planet suitable as an abode for life. In this case, throughout the universe there would be billions of solar systems.

But there is even the possibility according to the latest ideas on the formation of stars, that the leaving behind of a suitable disc may be a normal feature in the evolution of certain types of star. Magnetic forces would be required to drive the disc sufficiently far away from the central star for a planetary system of the extent of our own, and simultaneously slow the star down to a rotation speed no faster than that of the sun. This type of theory is under active study as yet a further possible development of the disc idea. If it should prove tenable, then a large proportion of stars could be inferred to possess attendant planets, and suitable abodes of life may be abundantly distributed throughout the universe. A theory of this kind has long been thought desirable by those who have decided that the object of the universe is to provide a theatre for the activities of such as ourselves.

THE EARLIEST ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN THE ORIGIN OF THE PLANETS WAS MADE BY THE GREAT FRENCH ASTRONOMER LAPLACE AT THE END OF THE 18TH CENTURY

1. LAPLACE BELIEVED THE ORIGIN OF THE PLANETS WAS A DISC-SHAPED NEBULA. IN THE COURSE OF TIME A RING OF SMALL PARTICLES BECAME DETACHED.

PRIMITIVE PLANET FORMED FROM THE RING.

2. EVENTUALLY THE RING PULLED ITSELF TOGETHER LENGTHWISE TO FORM A PLANET. FURTHER RINGS FORMED OTHER PLANETS.

THE TIDAL THEORY

A STAR SWEEPED BY SO CLOSE TO THE SUN THAT IT RAISED AN ENORMOUS TIDAL WAVE ON THE SURFACE AND FINALLY LIFTED IT OFF COMPLETELY. THE WAVE BREAKS INTO SMALL PROLETS THAT TRY TO FOLLOW AFTER THE RECEDING STAR, BUT SOME ARE HELD BACK BY THE PULL OF THE SUN AND CONTINUE TO MOVE ROUND IT.

BUT THE PROCESS FAILS, BECAUSE PLANETS SO FORMED WOULD BE TOO NEAR THE SUN TO BE IDENTIFIABLE WITH THE ACTUAL PLANETS, AND, LIKE THE SUN ITSELF, WOULD ROTATE ONLY SLOWLY INSTEAD OF IN A FEW HOURS.

1. PATH OF PASSING STAR (1,2,3,4, ARE ITS SUCCESSIVE POSITIONS).

THE PRIMITIVE PLANETS AND THEIR PATHS

THE COLLISION THEORY

TO EXPLAIN THE RAPID ROTATION OF THE PLANETS, AN ACTUAL SIDE-SWIPING COLLISION OF THE STARS WAS LATER PROPOSED. NOW A RIBBON OF STELLAR MATERIAL IS PULLED OUT BETWEEN THE STARS AS THEY SEPARATE, AND THE SHEARING MOTION PRODUCES ROTATION IN IT. THE RIBBON BREAKS INTO THE PRIMITIVE PLANETS, BUT NOW THEY WOULD MOVE EVEN CLOSER TO THE SUN THAN IN THE TIDAL THEORY: SO THE THEORY FAILED TOO.

1. PATH OF PASSING STAR (1,2,3,4, ARE SUCCESSIVE POSITIONS).

THE ROTATING PRIMITIVE PLANETS AND THEIR INITIAL PATHS

2. FILAMENT STRETCHES OUT BETWEEN THE STARS

SUPERNOVA BINARY THEORY

FUTURE ESCAPE PATH OF REMNANT OF SUPERNOVA

REMNANT OF COMPANION DRIVEN AWAY BY RECOIL EFFECT OF EXPLOSION

SUPERNOVA EXPLOSION OF STAR, MANUFACTURING HEAVY ELEMENTS

EXPANDING WISP OF TENUOUS MATERIAL (CONTAINING HEAVY ELEMENTS) IN MOTION ROUND THE SUN AT PLANETARY DISTANCE

WISP OF MATERIAL NOW EXPANDED OUT INTO FLAT GASEOUS DISC STRETCHING RIGHT ROUND THE SUN. THE DISC COOLS INTO SOLID DUST PARTICLES AND THESE GRADUALLY COLLECT TOGETHER INTO THE PLANETS.

ORIGINAL PATH OF COMPANION ROUND THE SUN

THE SOLAR SYSTEM: AN ILLUSTRATION OF SOME OF THE THEORIES PUT FORWARD TO EXPLAIN ITS ORIGIN.

The way in which the solar system originated remains one of the mysteries of the universe, although a number of theories explaining how it came into being have been put forward. Whether other planetary systems exist can only be judged when a reliable theory for the origin of our own system is established; it is beyond the power of any conceivable telescope to discover by direct observation if other stars possess planets. If our own system were viewed from the nearest stars, even the brilliant planet Jupiter would be undetectable. The earliest scientific attempt to explain the origin of the solar system was that of the French astronomer and mathematician Laplace (1749-1827), who proposed that the planet-forming material began as a thin

disc revolving round the primitive sun. The recent supernova binary-star theory leads in the end to just such a disc as the raw material out of which the planets gradually build up. According to the latest ideas on the formation of stars it is possible that the leaving behind of a suitable disc may be a normal feature in the evolution of certain types of star, magnetic forces possibly playing an important part in the subsequent forming of a planetary system. If this type of theory proves tenable it would imply that a large proportion of the many thousands of millions of stars in our own galaxy, and of those in the myriads of other galaxies, may have attendant planets. In that case, suitable abodes of life may abound throughout the universe.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Dr. R. A. Lyttleton.

PRICELESS COLLEGE SILVER FROM CAMBRIDGE



A TWO-HANDLED CUP OF THE MID-15TH CENTURY FROM CORPUS CHRISTI, WITH DONOR'S ARMS ON FOOT. GIVEN TO THE UNIVERSITY BY ARCHBISHOP PARKER. (Height, 6 ins.)



A MID-16TH-CENTURY STANDING SALT AND COVER FROM CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE: ANOTHER OF THE GIFTS BY MATTHEW PARKER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. (Height, 11½ ins.)



A 17TH-CENTURY SILVER MITRE AND CROZIER FROM PEMBROKE COLLEGE, MADE FOR THE FUNERAL OF MATTHEW WREN, MASTER OF PETERHOUSE. (Mitre; Height, 11½ ins.)

When one of the greatest universities in the world permits some of its most valued possessions to be exhibited for the first time, the result is bound to be of the highest importance. In fact, the exhibition "Treasures from Cambridge" at Goldsmiths' Hall until April 18 is one of the rarest and most exciting of its kind ever to have been seen in London. A large number of the 480 or so exhibits have never before been seen by the public. They are the private and treasured possessions of individual colleges—books, manuscripts, letters, college plate—which have remained for hundreds



AN OSTRICH EGG-CUP OF 1592, WITH EMBOSSED FOOT, FROM CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE: A FAVOURITE TYPE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE TIME. (Height, 15 ins.)



THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S CUP, GIVEN IN 1598 BY ROBERT DEVEREUX, SECOND EARL OF ESSEX, WHO WAS THE FAVOURITE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH I AND CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. (Height, 17½ ins.)

ON PUBLIC EXHIBITION FOR THE FIRST TIME.



AN EARLY 18TH-CENTURY PUNCH BOWL AND COVER FROM TRINITY HALL: A GIFT TO THE COLLEGE FROM THE FOURTH EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. (Height, 17½ ins.)



THE "POISON TANKARD" FROM CLARE COLLEGE, A LATE 16TH-CENTURY PIECE WITH A CRYSTAL SET INTO THE LID. IT WAS THOUGHT THAT THIS WOULD SHATTER IF POISON WERE POURED INTO THE TANKARD. (Height, 7 ins.)



A LATE 18TH-CENTURY SOUP TUREEN PRESENTED TO PEMBROKE COLLEGE BY WILLIAM PITT IN 1784. IT IS SURMOUNTED BY THE DONOR'S CREST. (Height, 15 ins.)

of years in their permanent abodes, unseen except by a small number of fortunate visitors. This is particularly true of the hundred and more pieces of antique gold and silver. As these are almost entirely college plate, most of them can previously have been scrutinised only by senior members of the colleges concerned, and it is a great tribute to the generosity of these colleges that so many unique and beautiful objects have now been lent for this exhibition. One of the most interesting is from Corpus Christi College, a late 14th-century mazer bowl which is a famous [Continued opposite.

THE PROUD ADORNMENTS OF AN OLD UNIVERSITY NOW ON VIEW IN LONDON.



A LATE 14TH-CENTURY MAZER FROM CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE: A JOKE PIECE, DESIGNED SO THAT THE CONTENTS WOULD BE SIPHONED OUT THROUGH THE SWAN IF THE BOWL WAS FILLED TOO FULL. (Height, 2½ ins.)



THE EARLY 14TH-CENTURY FOUNDER'S CUP FROM TRINITY HALL: THE OLDEST PIECE OF SILVER IN CAMBRIDGE. ACCORDING TO TRADITION IT WAS GIVEN TO THE COLLEGE FOUNDER BY POPE INNOCENT VI. (Height, 4½ ins.)



A LATE 15TH-CENTURY STANDING MAZER WITH A SPIRALLY TWISTED STEM AND INSCRIBED RIM MOUNT; IN SILVER AND MAPLE WOOD: LENT BY CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE. (Height, 5½ ins.)



AN EARLY 16TH-CENTURY BEAKER AND COVER FROM CHRIST'S COLLEGE: PART OF THE PLATE BEQUEATHED BY THE FOUNDESS, LADY MARGARET BEAUFORT. THE BASE WAS ORIGINALLY JEWELLED. (Height, 9½ ins.)



THE ANATHEMA CUP OF 1481 FROM PEMBROKE COLLEGE, KNOWN BY THIS NAME BECAUSE OF A LATIN INSCRIPTION PRONOUNCING A CURSE UPON WHOEVER STOLE IT. PRESENTED TO THE COLLEGE IN 1497 BY DR. THOMAS LANGTON. (Height, 8½ ins.)

Continued.
mediæval joke piece. On a central pillar rests a swan which siphons the contents out through the bottom if the bowl is filled too full. The Anathema Cup of the late fifteenth century, from Pembroke College, is another legendary exhibit. The story goes that an evil spell would descend on anyone so rash as to steal it. A similar tale surrounds the Poison Tankard from Clare College. The lid is set with a large crystal which, it was thought, would shatter if poison were poured into the tankard. The exhibition also contains the oldest piece of silver at Cambridge, an early 14th-century beaker and cover from Trinity Hall, known as the Founder's Cup, thought to have been given to the founder of Trinity by the Pope at Avignon. To mention only a few of the remaining exhibits, there is a pair of Salts, probably presented to Christ's College by the mother of Henry VII; an exceptionally interesting drinking horn, and an ostrich egg-cup, from Gonville and Caius College; and the Vice-Chancellor's Cup, presented to the University in 1598 by the Earl of Essex, and lent by the present Vice-Chancellor.



DETAIL OF A MID-14TH-CENTURY DRINKING HORN FROM CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, SHOWING THE TERMINAL MOUNT IN THE FORM OF A HEAD. (See right.)

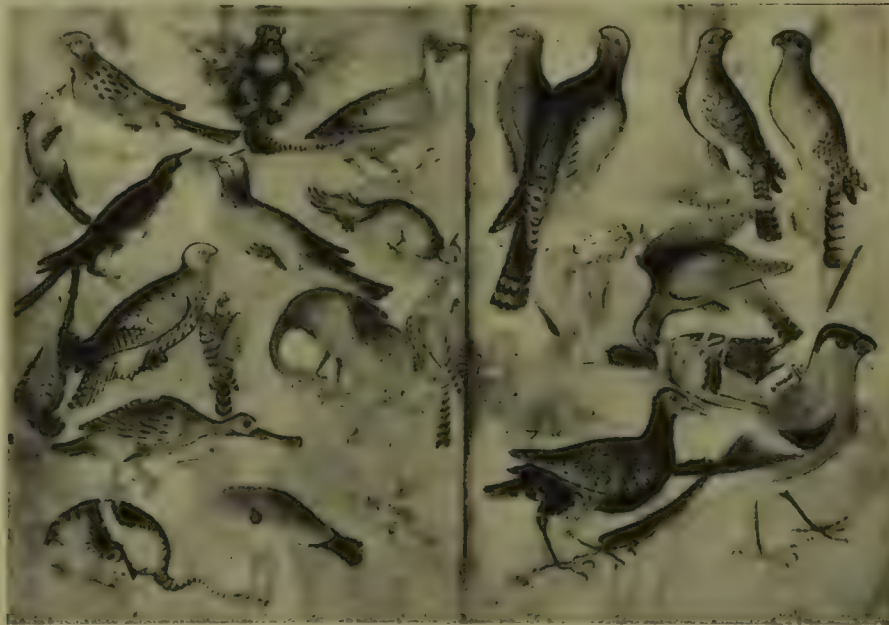


THE WHOLE DRINKING HORN, SHOWING THE TERMINAL MOUNT (SEE DETAIL LEFT) AND GILT MOUNTS. THE HORN IS MID-14TH CENTURY, BUT THE TWO SUPPORTS ARE PROBABLY MID-16TH. (Length, 24½ ins.)

CAMBRIDGE TREASURES: MINIATURES, HOLOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS.



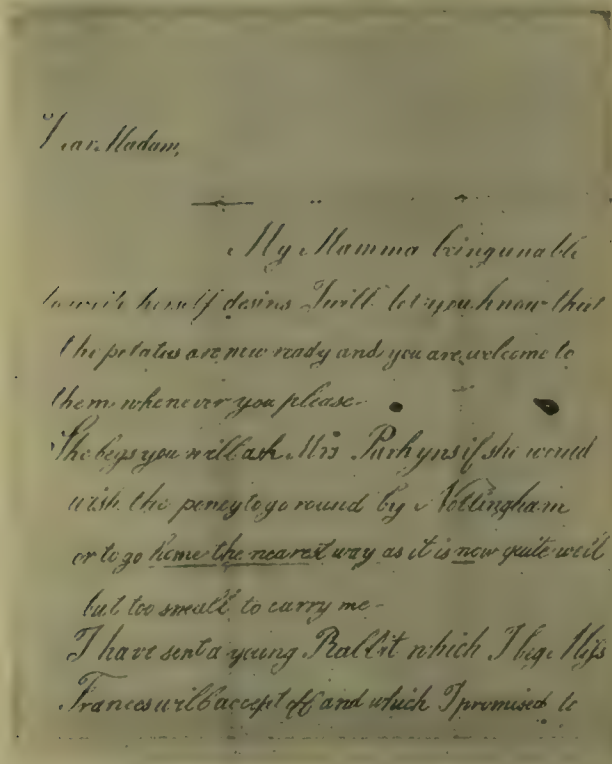
"RICHARD SACKVILLE, 3RD EARL OF DORSET," BY ISAAC OLIVER (1557/67-1617), IN A CONTEMPORARY IVORY BOX. (Fitzwilliam Museum.)



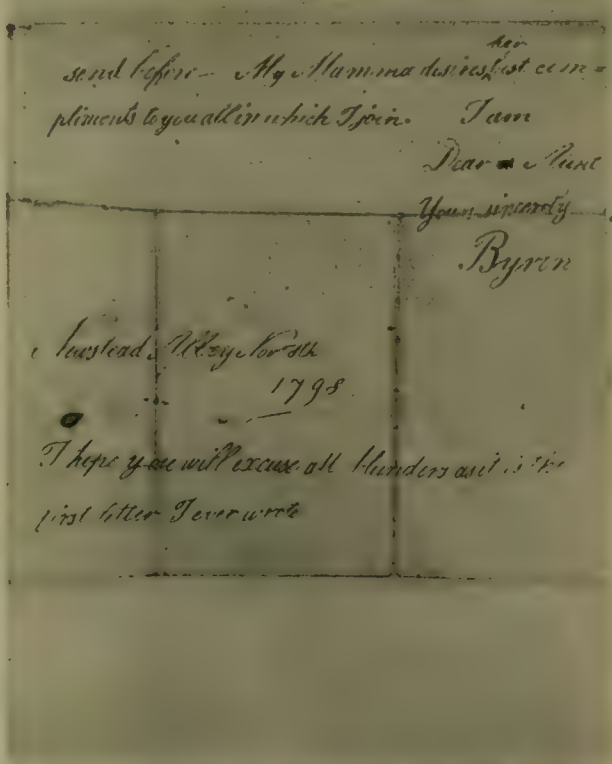
A REMARKABLE COLLECTION OF BIRD STUDIES: TWO PAGES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF A MONK OF THE LATE 14TH CENTURY. FROM THE PEPYS LIBRARY, MAGDALENE COLLEGE.



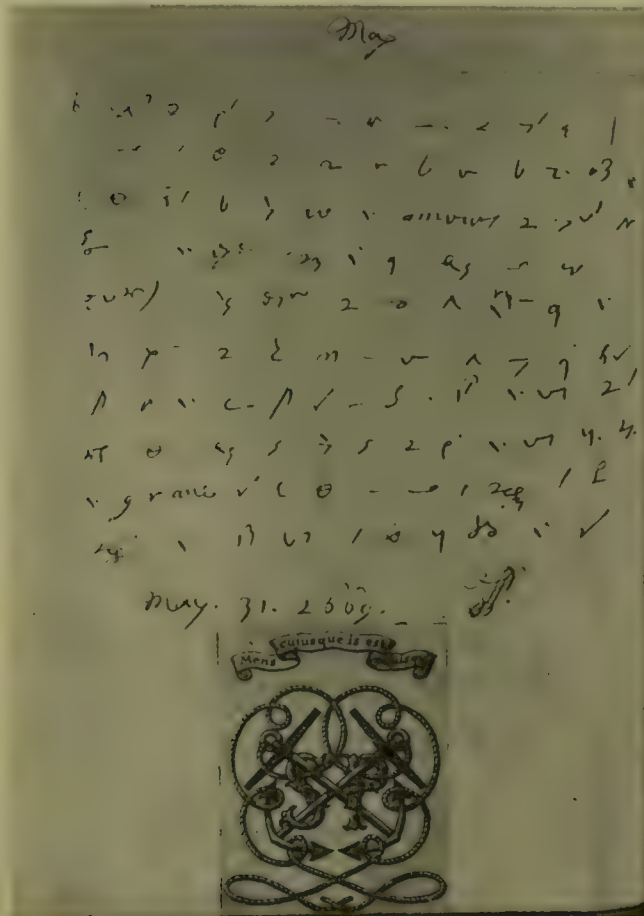
"SIR ALEXANDER ALLAN, BART., M.P.," BY JOHN SMART (1741-1811). SIGNED AND DATED 1787. (From the Fitzwilliam Museum.)



"THE FIRST LETTER I EVER WROTE": THE TWO SHEETS OF BYRON'S FIRST LETTER, PROBABLY TO HIS AUNT, MRS. LEIGH. (From Trinity College.)



(Right.) A MINIATURE FROM THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY APOCALYPSE AND CORONATION ORDER—WHICH SHOWS THE CROWNING OF EDWARD II. BEQUEATHED TO CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE BY ARCHBISHOP PARKER.



A PAGE OF PEPYS' DIARY IN HIS OWN SHORTHAND—IN THE SYSTEM EXPUNDED BY THOMAS SHELTON IN 1635. (From the Pepys Library, Magdalene College.)

ELSEWHERE
In this issue we illustrate some of the examples of gold and silver plate which form such a splendid part of the Treasures of Cambridge Exhibition at Goldsmiths' Hall from March 17 to April 18. But splendid though it is (comprising in all, and including the modern silver, 259 items), it is, nevertheless, only a part of the exhibition. Other sections—from some of which we draw the illustrations on this page—are: Books, including a Gutenberg Bible and a volume of Pepys' Diary in his own shorthand; Scientific Instruments, ancient and modern, including the apparatus used by Lord Rutherford in splitting the atom; Poetry, Books and Autographs, including a unique Chaucer volume printed by Caxton and the original MS. of Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale"; Furniture; Tapestries; Old Master Paintings; Miniatures; Coins and Medals; Greek Gold Jewellery; Pottery, Glass and Metalwork; Small Sculpture; and Illuminated MSS. Indeed—to use Dryden's phrase about Chaucer—"here is God's plenty."



PART OF THE ANTHONY ROLL, A DECLARATION OF THE ROYAL NAVY GIVEN TO HENRY VIII IN 1546 AND GIVEN IN 1680 BY CHARLES II TO SAMUEL PEPYS. (Pepys Library, Magdalene College.)



LOOKING TOWARDS THE CLOISTERS FROM ROMNEY LOCK; IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE THAMES, AND TO THE LEFT, THE CHAPEL.



THE CLOISTERS AND LUPTON'S TOWER, WITH (LEFT) COLLEGE LIBRARY, WHICH HOUSES ETON'S VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS AND DOCUMENTS.

ETON COLLEGE: THE CLOISTERS AND A "DISTANT PROSPECT."

Next to College Chapel is School Yard, on one side of which is Lower School, the oldest and, at one time the only, schoolroom, dating from c. 1443 and in use continually since then. Lower School boasts a fine collection of carved names, and above it is Long Chamber, where until 1846 nearly all the Collegers, as the Scholars are known, used to live. Also facing on to the Yard are Upper School, recently restored after war damage, and Lupton's

Tower, built by Roger Lupton, Provost of Eton, in about 1520. Upper School, also decorated with inscribed names, was for nearly two centuries used for teaching classes which sometimes numbered over 200 and was often the scene of violent rowdyism. One of Eton's most treasured possessions is its large collection of books, manuscripts and documents, many of them of priceless value, which are kept in College Library.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by the Beric Press Ltd.



ETON COLLEGE: SCHOOL YARD SEEN FROM UPPER SCHOOL—IN THE CENTRE IS THE STATUE OF THE FOUNDER, KING HENRY VI, AND BEYOND, LUPTON'S TOWER.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by the Beric Press Ltd.



BALDWIN'S SHORE: A SCENE SHOWING THE COLLEGE CHAPEL AND, ON THE RIGHT, BARNES POOL.



LOOKING TOWARDS LONG WALK—IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE MAIN ENTRANCE INTO WESTON'S YARD, AND TO THE RIGHT, THE MEMORIAL BUILDINGS.

ETON COLLEGE: WELL-KNOWN VIEWS OF THE FAMOUS PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Eton College, most famous of public schools, is set in surroundings full of charm and historic interest. To the casual visitor it is a place notable for its intriguing names and unique forms of sport. "The Field or Sixpenny (The Timbralls)" or "The King of Siam's Garden" arouse curiosity, and at first the Eton Wall Game, in which goals are hardly ever scored, is a little baffling. Founded in 1440 by Henry VI to supply scholars for

another of his foundations, King's College, Cambridge, the school—near Windsor—has had a relatively peaceful history. When Edward IV usurped the Crown from Henry VI, it passed through difficult times and was almost suppressed. Since 1467, however, it has enjoyed—apart from minor setbacks—continuing prosperity. The dominating architectural feature is the Chapel, of which the foundation-stone was laid by Henry VI.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by the Beric Press Ltd.

THE CITY THAT JOSHUA DESTROYED: HAZOR, THE LAST SEASON OF EXCAVATION. PART I—THE LOWER CITY.

By YIGAL YADIN, PH.D., Lecturer in Archaeology at the Hebrew University and Director of the James A. de Rothschild Expedition at Hazor.

(The James A. de Rothschild Expedition at Hazor operates on behalf of the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, with funds contributed by the P.J.C.A., the Anglo-Israel Exploration Society [headed by Lord Cohen, Sir Maurice Bloch and Dr. A. Lerner] and the Government of Israel. The Director was ably assisted by Mr. M. Dunayevsky [chief architect], as well as by members of the staff mentioned in the course of the article. Photographs by A. Volk, chief photographer, except for Figs. 1 and 2, which are reproduced by permission of the Israel Air Force. This article was written immediately after the termination of the dig, when some problems—particularly the correlation of the strata on the Tell and the Lower City—were still under discussion. The opinions expressed here are, therefore, the writer's own.)

WE opened the fourth season of excavations at Hazor—"the head of all those kingdoms" (Josh. XI, 10)—with some excitement. We had ended our dig last year highly tantalised. We

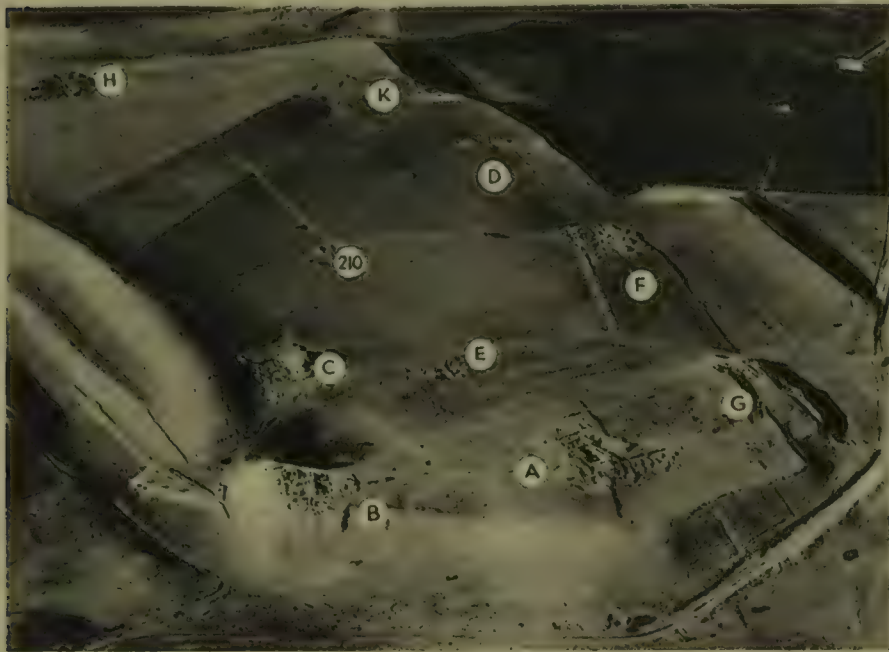


FIG. 1. HAZOR FROM THE AIR, LOOKING NORTH, WITH THE VARIOUS EXCAVATION SITES INDICATED. During the 1958 season, only four sites were worked: the temple site (H) and a new site (K) on the great enclosure; and on the mound, sites A and B. In this issue, Dr. Yadin reports on H and K, the discoveries at A and B being reserved for a later issue.

had made a number of rich and interesting discoveries in all areas of the excavations—almost all at the very end of the season. And there was no time to follow them up and excavate more thoroughly before the rains came. We were eager to see what they held in store. And we arrived on the site this year with considerable eagerness.

We were, however, conscious of one frustrating element. In planning our operations for the fourth season, we had to bear in mind that this would be our last—at least for some years to come. And so some "treasure hunting" had to give way to more prosaic but more important excavations which would help us solve several stratification problems.

It was this consideration, for example, which prompted us to discontinue the dig in Area F in the Lower Canaanite City, even though we had not reached the terminals of some of the tunnels we had discovered. We had also to abandon Area G, with its grain-silo only partially uncovered. Instead, we decided to concentrate on Areas A and B on the Mound proper; to extend Area H in the Lower City of Hazor, where we found last year the beginning of the orthostat temple; and to open a new area, K, with the hopes of uncovering what we thought might be the gate of the Lower City (Fig. 1).

In the event, the plan was fortunate. For light shed on stratification by this season's excavations enables us now to trace the history of Hazor from its very beginning, about 2700 B.C. to its end, about 150 B.C.—twenty-one cities in all, covering a span of 2500 years of history. And in the process, we found treasures without hunting for them. They include objects of even greater interest than any we had found in the previous seasons of digging.

The reader may find it easier to follow this year's results and compare them with those of previous seasons, if I describe each excavated area first, from the Lower City to the Mound, and sum up our general findings later.

Area H—Four Canaanite Temples (excavated under the supervision of Mrs. T. Dothan). Last

year, as the reader may remember, we found here a Canaanite temple which was of special interest both for its construction technique and for the wealth of ritual objects found *in situ* within its "Holy of Holies." It had been constructed with orthostats (straight slabs) of dressed basalt, serving as a dado. An additional point of interest was its plan, which broadly resembled that of Solomon's Temple. It is thus the only known temple prior to Solomon's times which could be regarded as a sort of prototype of the Solomonic structure.

When last year's season came to its end, we had just about completed the excavation of the Holy of Holies. The tasks we set ourselves this year were (a) to finish excavating the main hall and the porch; and (b) to dig below the floor of the Temple. For here we had found the base of a column projecting from the floor of the Holy of Holies, a sure indication of an earlier phase of building.

To save the reader the suspense which we ourselves experienced, let me say right away that by the end of the season we had not only uncovered the two phases of the orthostat temple—the earlier belonging to the fourteenth century B.C.—but we had found two more temples, the first built on virgin soil, belonging to the Middle Bronze Age, eighteenth century B.C., and the second to the Late Bronze Age I, the fifteenth century B.C. (Fig. 2).

I follow with a description of these four temples from top to bottom:

Temple Ia. This temple was the last in Canaanite Hazor, which was destroyed by the Israelites at the end of the Late Bronze Age II, in the second half of the thirteenth century B.C. It was, in fact, a reconstruction of the earlier temple with most parts of the latter's walls still in use. We have also good reason to believe that most of the furniture saved from the previous ruins had been re-used. The general plan of this temple turned out to be what we had expected last year. It comprised three wings, a porch, a main hall and a Holy of Holies, each with its own entrance built on a single axis. On clearing the main hall, however, we found that its western section held a two-roomed tower, probably with staircase leading to the roof. In the centre and right of the hall was some ritual furniture, including a fine offering-table made of basalt. In the porch, before the entrance to the main hall, stood two pillars, their fine basalt bases still *in situ* (Fig. 3). Most of the furniture of the temple was in the Holy of Holies, but what few we found in the other rooms were of considerable importance; two in particular. One enabled us to date the temple's destruction, the other gave us the identification of the temple's deity. On the floor of the main hall a small clay figurine of an animal was found intact. This figurine is of

Mycenaean style of the thirteenth century B.C. and is the only Mycenaean piece to come from the temple proper, though many others were found elsewhere in the dig. The other object is a broken basalt statue of the temple's god (Fig. 5). This was discovered in the debris just in front of the entrance near a cult obelisk, bearing on its breast the crossed sun-disc identical with that of the altar found last year in the Holy of Holies. Another broken piece of basalt found in the vicinity and depicting a bull, proved to be the base of the god's statue (Fig. 6). Thus again we have the sun-god associated with a bull which is the emblem of Hadad.

The Lion's Den—Temple Ib. One of the most exciting experiences of the whole dig occurred with the excavation of the south-west corner of the porch. Here the main wall of the temple was missing (Fig. 3). In trying to trace its foundations, we struck a heap of stones under which appeared a beautiful basalt life-size head of a lion. When the stones were removed a 5-ft. 6½-in.-long basalt orthostat was revealed, one side bearing the relief of a crouching lion with its fully sculptured head fashioned from the front of the stone (Figs. 8 and 9). The top had two drilled holes, exactly like those on the orthostats of the porch and Holy of Holies, thus indicating that the lion orthostat was part of the entrance jamb. But its location was a mystery which remained unsolved until we had cleared the whole area. We then noticed that the lion had, in fact, been thrown into a pit, deliberately cut through the two cobbled floors of the earlier temples (II and III), and then covered with the heap of stones. It is difficult to determine whether this had been done by the people of Temple Ia, when they reconstructed the temple and found no further use for the lion, as in the case of Idrimi's statue from Alalakh, found by Sir Leonard Woolley, or whether the conquerors had been motivated by ritual factors. But whatever reason, their act preserved for us one of the finest and most ancient orthostats in the whole of the Fertile Crescent.

Under the Holy of Holies, little was found of Temple Ib, except for two column bases, just below the two of Temple Ia, and several valuable small objects, among them a well-made cylinder seal of hematite and a strange figurine of a woman, 3300 years old, very reminiscent of the 1958 work of Picasso (Fig. 13).

The plan of the reconstructed Temple Ia was clearly identical with Ib, except for the main hall, whose eastern tower had been entirely abandoned (Fig. 2). The two temples, Ia and Ib, fourteenth and thirteenth century B.C., respectively, with their interesting plan and unusually rich crop of objects and statues, are among the most interesting temples found in Palestine, and the material,



FIG. 2. A CLOSE-UP AIR VIEW OF THE ORTHOSTAT TEMPLE AT SITE H, AS IT APPEARED AT THE END OF THE 1958 SEASON.

This view shows all four phases Ia, Ib, II and III, the latter being the earlier and having cobbled or clay floors. At the right (north) end is the Holy of Holies; at the left, the portico; in the centre, the main hall, with (top) the two-roomed tower and (bottom) the one-roomed tower.

when thoroughly studied, will enrich our knowledge of Canaanite cult and art.

Temple II lay immediately below the foundations of Ia and Ib. The latter's foundations had, in fact, been built upon the ruins of Temple II whenever it suited the architects. Temple II consisted of only one room, identical in plan and dimension with the Holy of Holies of Temple I (Fig. 4). At its southern end there was an open entrance flanked by two rectangular towers, resembling somewhat the Temples of Shechem and Megiddo, though of different proportions. In front of the entrance there was a large cobbled open court, with a big rectangular *Bamah* (high place) [Continued overleaf.]

A NOBLE LION, A SUN-GOD STATUE AND A "PICASSO" OF 3300 YEARS AGO—FINDS FROM THE BRONZE AGE TEMPLES OF HAZOR, ANCIENT CAPITAL OF GALILEE.



FIG. 3. THE ORTHOSTAT TEMPLE IN AREA H, LOOKING NORTH, THROUGH THE PORTICO AND THE MAIN HALL TO THE HOLY OF HOLIES. LEFT FOREGROUND, FIND-SITE OF THE LION ORTHOSTAT WHICH HAD BEEN BURIED UNDER A PILE OF STONES.



FIG. 4. THE HOLY OF HOLIES FROM THE WEST. IN THE CENTRE CAN BE SEEN THE COBBLE FLOOR OF THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TEMPLE AND THE CLAY FLOOR OF THE EIGHTEENTH TO SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY TEMPLE.



FIG. 7. ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE DOOR TO THE HOLY OF HOLIES: THE BASALT "PIN" RESTING IN THE STONE SOCKET, WITH BURNT WOOD AROUND IT.



FIG. 8. THE MAGNIFICENT LION ORTHOSTAT, AS IT APPEARED WHEN FIRST LIFTED FROM ITS HIDING-PLACE OF 3300 YEARS AGO—IN AREA H.



FIG. 11. THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED SITE K, SHOWING HALF THE BIG LATE BRONZE GATEWAY, WITH ITS TWO-ROOMED TOWER AND REVETMENT WALL BELOW.



FIG. 12. THE ASHLAR-BUILT TOWER AND JAMB OF THE GREAT GATE OF SITE K (SEE FIG. 11). SOME OF THE STONES ARE NEARLY 6 FT. (2 M.) LONG.

Continued.] and several small altars. To its south—and this is a remarkable feature of this temple—there was a large propylaea, a monumental gateway, its sill made of basalt slabs, and benches in the main room. A drainage system was found just east of the propylaea and the temple. Its sections consisted in part of disused incense stands (only a temple can afford that) while the rest was built of field stones (Fig. 10). In the court we also found a potter's kiln, no doubt used for producing votive howls, to judge by the scores of small bowls found intact inside it. Among the few objects discovered in the temple most important was our find in a heap of pottery near the altar. During four years of excavations we had hoped fervently, but in vain, to find a cuneiform inscription. And here, in the last week of the present season, we finally came across one. The object bearing the inscription was of equal importance. It was a clay model of an animal's liver (Fig. 14) with inscribed omens for the use of the temple's diviners. This model is the only one with an inscription found in Palestine and one of the very few from this period, fifteenth century B.C., found in the entire Middle East. The sun-god, being the god of the liver diviners, must also have been the temple god in Temple II. Temple III. Of Temple III, the earliest one, the first to be built on the site—relatively little was found, but enough to show that it had been

a very elaborate building and that it was constructed about 1700 B.C. Like Temple II, it consisted mainly of one room, similar in plan and dimensions to Temple II built on its ruins. But in front of it there must have been a large platform reached by a flight of three steps, as is indicated by the beautifully-dressed basalt ashlar steps found below the cobbled floor of the court of Temple II. Temple III also had a large open court in front of it, but its cobble stones were of much finer work than the later structure, and even to-day it looks like a mosaic floor (Fig. 10). The two small basalt bases of capitals and the many basalt ashlar stones re-used in Temple II, all indicate that Temple III was a fine edifice matched only by Temple I, built some 300 years later. Area H, with its three strata of temples, reveals that the tradition of a holy place lasted for generations. Our excavations here gave us proof, confirmed by excavations in the other areas, that the lower city was established in the Middle Bronze II period and came to its end in the thirteenth century B.C. with the conquest of the Israelites. Area K (excavated under the supervision of Mr. M. Dothan). Before we leave the lower city and climb the acropolis, let me offer a few words about the dig in area K, to complement our picture of the lower city's defences. From aerial photographs and from our excavations nearby, we felt convinced that one of the city gates must have been



FIG. 5. THE TRUNK OF THE SUN-GOD STATUE FOUND IN FRONT OF THE PORTICO (OF THE LATEST TEMPLE). ON THE LEFT BREAST IS THE SUN-DISC EMBLEM.



FIG. 6. THE BATTERED BASALT STATUE OF A BULL WHICH SERVED AS A BASE FOR THE GOD OF FIG. 5. REMAINS OF THE GOD'S FEET CAN BE SEEN ON THE BACK.



(Above.)
FIG. 9. THE SPLENDID LION CARVED IN RELIEF ON A BASALT ORTHOSTAT 5 FT. 6 IN. (1.7 M.) LONG. ONLY THE HEAD IS WORKED ON THE OTHER SIDE. ON THE TOP OF THE BLOCK ARE DOWEL HOLES.



(Right.)
FIG. 10. THE DRAINAGE OF TEMPLE II, CONSISTING OF FIELD STONES AND DISUSED INCENSE-BURNERS—WHICH WERE PRESUMABLY HANDY, BELOW CAN BE SEEN THE FINE PEBBLE FLOOR OF TEMPLE III, EARLIER AND LARGER THAN TEMPLE II.



(Left.)
FIG. 13. A "PICASSO" OF 3300 YEARS AGO? A STRANGE ONE-SIDED BRONZE LEAF FIGURINE OF A WOMAN FROM THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY LEVEL OF THE TEMPLE. SIMILAR, BUT TWO-SIDED FIGURINES HAVE BEEN FOUND IN PREVIOUS SEASONS AT HAZOR.



(Right.)
FIG. 14. A UNIQUE FIND FOR PALESTINE: A CLAY MODEL OF AN ANIMAL'S LIVER WITH CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE TEMPLE DIVINERS, GIVING THEM, AS IT WERE, STANDARD ANSWERS FOR VARIOUS CONDITIONS OF THE SACRIFICED ANIMAL'S LIVER.

located in the north-east part of the lower city. We decided to dig, calling the site Area K. We started from what we suspected was the jamb of a gate, with huge ashlar stones which we found protruding from the ground (Fig. 12). With the turn of almost the first spade, we found our theory richly confirmed. The city gate of the Late Bronze Age lay bare. It turned out to be one of the most formidable gate structures ever found in this country. Below it were gates of the Middle Bronze Age II. Together they offered us the complete history of the defences of the lower city, from the first beaten earth rampart and slopes, later strengthened by additional revetments until its final destruction in the Late Bronze II period. Space limits us here to a brief description of only one of the gates, the last, and the large revetment wall. This Bronze Age gate with its ashlar stones, some of them 6 ft. long (Fig. 12), was erected on the foundations of the earlier Middle Bronze Age II gate, and is identical in plan. The gate passage with its floor of fine cobbles was flanked on each side by three pairs of pilasters, the two extreme ones forming the jambs of the outer and inner entrances respectively. The middle ones served to support the

ceiling. On either side of the entire gate structure was a two-roomed tower (Fig. 11). This gate must have been destroyed in a violent conflagration, though the exterior walls still stand to a height of 9 ft. Traces of the burnt bricks of its inner walls and the ashes of the burnt beams still cover the floors in thick heaps. The evidence suggests that this destruction occurred before the final destruction of Hazor by the Israelites, but this problem remains to be studied. Access to the gate which was on the very edge of the slope was gained by a road built on a specially constructed rampart. This was reinforced by a platform in front of the gate. To carry both rampart and platform the Middle Bronze Age engineers built a huge revetment wall strengthened by huge basalt boulders to a height of 12 ft. (Fig. 11). We found this wall intact—it is a veritable feat of engineering. These formidable defence works here point to the Biblical report that this 170-acre city was indeed the largest and most defended city of the country. (The second part of Dr. Yadin's article, dealing with sites A and B on the Tell, will appear in a later issue.)



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE ever-popular Roman hyacinth is, I believe merely a white-flowered variety of *Hyacinthus orientalis*, a species given as native of "Italy

westwards to Mesopotamia." The R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening says, "the wild form is a very graceful plant, perhaps not now in cultivation." But it is in cultivation, in my garden, at any rate, and is one of my most treasured possessions. Bulbs of it were given to me some twenty years ago by my friend Carl Krippendorf, of Cincinnati, U.S.A., and a little colony of the bulbs grows in a mixed flower border in my garden with a south aspect, and flowers regularly every spring. In habit they are exactly like the Roman hyacinth, and the colour of the flowers is

ROMAN HYACINTHS, ETC.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

The commercial production of hyacinth bulbs is carried out, I believe, on almost factory lines, and the small, young bulblets, for growing on to saleable size, are induced by a special system of mutilation of the parent bulbs.

Sunday, March 1, was Celandine Sunday in my garden. I came upon several plants of the lesser celandine, *Ranunculus ficaria*, with their blossoms of varnished gold fully open to the welcome sunshine, a sight which seemed to mark a good step forward towards spring. But my little colony of the variety with rich orange-coloured flowers is growing in a rather shady position, and will not be in flower for another week or two. I am extremely fond of this celandine, both the normal golden-flowered type,

nodosa. I have a solitary specimen which I planted last spring, in a border on the north side of a low stone wall. As it is in nature a moisture-loving or waterside plant, the cool position I gave it suited it well, and all last summer it made a handsome picture, standing well over 4 ft. tall, and carrying an ample crop of leaves boldly variegated with pale gold on deep green. This showy figwort has found its way into a few nurseries during recent years, though it is not yet to be found in every hardy plant catalogue. But there is no doubt that it is destined to become a widely grown plant for larger scale herbaceous borders, in spite of the fact that there are a great many garden folk who can not tolerate any sort



THE BEST-KNOWN FORM OF *HYACINTHUS ORIENTALIS*—THE WHITE ROMAN HYACINTH, WHICH IS BELIEVED TO BE MERELY THE ALBINO FORM OF A LAVENDER-BLUE WILD SPECIES—WHICH IS RARE IN CULTIVATION. (Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

a clear lavender-blue. It is exactly the colour of the big florists' hyacinth "Pearl Brilliant," a variety which is all too seldom seen.

I wonder how common, or otherwise, the wild *Hyacinthus orientalis* is in its native Mediterranean habitat. Personally, I find it much more attractive than its white form—the Roman hyacinth. I have a pan of it in full flower now, whilst my colony planted in the open air is only just beginning to push up its varnished emerald-green leaves. My little stock of bulbs has increased very slowly, but that is due not to any dilatoriness in the matter of procreation, but to the fact that so many visitor-friends have been given a bulb or two. It seems to me strange that the white Roman hyacinth is grown by the million, for the million, whilst its far more attractive original lavender-blue parent is almost, if not entirely, unknown in horticultural commerce. Can this be due to the never-failing addiction, in a wide section of the population, to funerals? Anyway, I can not help feeling that if some enterprising professional bulb-grower would raise a big working stock of this lovely blue Roman hyacinth it would soon become as popular and as widely grown as its white variety.

the orange one, and the double form. They come so early in the year, and then, having put on their cheerful show, they go to ground completely, and are no more seen for a whole year. The greater or common celandine, *Chelidonium majus*, is a very different plant. It grows to a height of 1 to 2 ft., with attractive, rather fern-like leaves, and heads of several small golden flowers. The stems and leaves, when broken, exude a fetid yellow juice. It is said that swallows use this juice for curing blindness in their young, but I confess that I personally have never actually seen them performing this beneficent act, and I can not help wondering how the clever little things first discovered this use for the milk of celandine. I seem to remember having once seen a double-flowered form of this celandine, but it would be a plant more suitable for the wild

garden, and more suitable still for the roadside banks which the single-flowered type normally haunts.

I wrote some time ago about the variegated form of the British wild figwort, *Scrophularia*



THE WIDE CUPS AND MARBLED LEAVES OF *RANUNCULUS FICARIA MAJOR*—ONE OF THE ATTRACTIVE VARIANTS OF THAT FAMILIAR NATIVE, THE LESSER CELANDINE. (Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

of variegation among their garden plants. Some there are who seem to make almost a religion of their hatred of variegated foliage.

This winter I have noticed that my golden figwort has one very pleasant virtue. When autumn arrived all the top hamper of the plant was removed. But a bold clump of basal leaves has remained, which not only marks the position of the plant, but, in addition, makes a pleasant patch of colour covering what would otherwise be bare soil. Hardy herbaceous plants which will perform in this way, and make an attractive, if not a flowery, feature in the borders all winter, have great value. I have a couple of widely spreading specimens of *Polygonum affine* which are particularly helpful in the winter scene in the garden. Both have spread over many square feet of territory, far beyond the limits that were originally intended for them. But they give such pleasant patches of winter colour—great rugs of tawny, mahogany red-brown—that I do little or nothing to restrain them. Untidy, yes, and unruly, but what a jolly contrast to the grudging habits of growth of many of our rarer and more expensive plant treasures in the dead winter months!

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IN NEW GUINEA: AN IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION FOR THE NATIVES.



A MODEL VILLAGE, WITH IMPROVED NATIVE HUTS, WHICH WAS BUILT AFTER MR. HOLMES (RIGHT) INTRODUCED NEW BUILDING IDEAS.



MR. HOLMES POINTING OUT THE ADVANTAGES OF HIGHER HUT WALLS, ENABLING THE OCCUPANTS TO STAND UPRIGHT.



A NATIVE INTERPRETER ANSWERS QUESTIONS ABOUT A FULL-SCALE MODEL OF THE IMPROVED HOME. MATTING, MAKING THE WALLS MORE DRAUGHT-PROOF, CAN BE SEEN.

A kind of offspring of the London Ideal Home Exhibition has recently appeared in a very much more primitive part of the world—eastern New Guinea. Mr. Ian Holmes, Assistant District Officer at Goroka, built some demonstration native dwellings incorporating various improvements on the traditional style. The natives, apparently appreciating the advantages of this nearer-to-the-ideal home, subsequently built over 1000 new huts. The new models exhibited aroused so much interest that Mr. Holmes

planned a small-scale model village of the modern huts, laid out according to carefully-considered principles for hamlet planning. The small village, including government rest house, church, community centre and infant and maternal welfare clinic, was built by natives in six months, and, like the full-size demonstration dwellings, rapidly became a tremendous success. The "Holmes home," while retaining many traditional features, is claimed to be more comfortable, more healthy and better protected against the weather.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT has been quite a week in one way and another: the reappearance of the Crazy Gang, as spread out for us on the magenta cover of the Victoria Palace programme; a curious combination of Strindberg, Molière and Otway within the gilt frame of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith; a Roman crowd hurtling across the stage of the Playhouse, Oxford; and Mr. Eliot's elder statesman (now at Birmingham) moving serenely into the evening just as Ædipus moved long ago into the sacred grove of Colonus.



TEKLA (MAI ZETTERLING), "THE WOMAN WHO CONSUMES SOUL, COURAGE AND KNOWLEDGE," WITH ADOLF (LYNDON BROOK) IN A SCENE FROM STRINDBERG'S MISOGYNISTIC PLAY, "CREDITORS." (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH, WITH OTWAY'S VERSION OF MOLIERE'S "THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN"; FIRST NIGHT, MARCH 3.)

Some of these matters are from the broad highway of the theatre. Certainly the Crazy Gang revue is. This particular explosion is called "Clown Jewels," and, having been told often that I am a traditionalist, I suppose the whole business ought to delight me. There, alas, I am just perverse. While respectable citizens, all round the house, shattered into laughter, and great gusts of mirth tossed about the cigar-smoke, I sat as usual, feeling that I must be in the wrong theatre, and wishing that it did not appear so prim to remain unmoved among the cannonading guffaws.

But there it is: a grief to me, for I have always respected major clowning. Sid Field stays in the enraptured memory, "Slasher Green," Soho crossed with Hoxton; and in the past it was hard to have enough of "Monsewer" Eddie Gray, now an accredited member of the Crazy Gang, and of whom I think in the days when he twirled his clubs to the accompaniment of that gruff parley-voo. But the Gang? Here shadows gather: what is one to say? Well, it is possible to sit at the Victoria Palace, to observe the comedians' practised technique—there is some interest in that—and to ask yet again what is apparently so madly comic about a man in a skirt. Twankeyism has been a rich joke since the dawn of the theatre; but it has always palled on me after the first minute-and-a-half. In a phrase, Crazy Gang humour is a prolonged orgy of bashing, splashing, and dressing-up: if it is not my idea of genuine comic art, nobody need bother, for as ever the Gangsters have London at their feet.

It may be unkind to suggest that the general reaction is half-sentimental. These clowns have only to wander on, beaming, for tears of delighted mirth to flood the theatre. Their genial

rogue-elephant galumphing can go on and on, and probably will. The Gangsters are boys eternal, though at present they are progressing downward through the school at such a pace that we can expect them to end sooner or later in the Lower First.

Bud Flanagan can sing a good popular-sentimental song—"Strollin'" is a beauty—and the other members behave as they have been accustomed to behave, with expansive amiability, I grant, even if much more is needed to fill the evening. For me it is a sad waste of "Monsewer" Eddie Gray. He works loyally with the senior members of the Gang; but wistfully I think of him as a superb comedian in his own right who is now just lost. I wrote once, years ago:

No other droll can match his personality—that blend of Camden Town, the Tank Theatre at Islington, and the Boo der Boolong. He might be a seedy and rejected second cousin of the Grossmiths' Mr. Pooter, one of the more terrifying skeletons from the cupboard of "The Laurels," Brickfield Terrace, Holloway. The "Monsewer's" eyes glitter behind the vast spectacles. No nonsense from "voo or voo." This is a serious business: he is an honest (if eccentric) clubman: then let him be.

Yes, let him be. He has a few minutes at the Victoria Palace when he juggles meditatively with hoops, like the master he is; but he has no chance to beguile us, as he used, with that blend of sand-paper-personality and delicately accurate club-spinning. He is now one of the boys; and, believe me, he is worth much more than that.

The "Monsewer's" few moments apart, what pleased me most in "Clown Jewels" were a so-called "Reconstruction" scene (devised by Robert Dhéry) in which the chorus showed builders how to get on with the job, and how to dismantle it; the John Tiller Girls dancing with mathematical precision; and the chirping of a little Spanish singer called Rosita, who was enjoying herself thoroughly and sharing her enjoyment. At that point, with regret for what maybe politicians would call an unco-operative attitude, I cease.

There was another kind of fooling at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, where the 59 Theatre Company put on Otway's version of Molière's "The Cheats of Scapin" as the second half of a double bill. It was unexpected to have the Otway, and a pleasure to meet such an actor as Peter Sallis (in the part here named Thrifty), but the general production was so unfortunate, so strained and arid, that it will be wiser to say no more. The Comédie Française will be staging "Scapin" in London soon, and we may then have the full gaiety of the old farce of which it has been written:

*What the devil was he doing in that galley?
What was brewing
In the rushing of the rally
When the valet sped the wooing
Through the maze of Molière?
Onward faster, ever faster;
Since a man must serve his master,
Scapin's is the only way:
Hear the baffled Geronde say:
Que diable allait-il faire
Dans cette galère?*

Still, from Hammersmith I shall remember Malcolm Pride's set for this revival: Otway established the scene in Dover, and Mr. Pride's cliff-and-castle backcloth is as good as anything we have seen in the theatre lately.

The first half of the Hammersmith bill is as successful as the second is unfortunate. It is Strindberg's "Creditors" in which the ferocious misogynist let himself go: a conversation-piece burnt in acid, rather than written, and given its precise treatment by Mai Zetterling, Lyndon

Brook, and Michael Gough. Tekla is the woman who consumes soul, courage, and knowledge: Miss Zetterling has never acted with more force. The company, its director (Casper Wrede), and the translator (Michael Meyer) join in a triumph contrasted in the most extraordinary manner with the failure of "Scapin."

That is an unexpected bill, to be found only in the byways of the theatre. "Coriolanus," staged by the O.U.D.S. at the Playhouse, Oxford, takes us back to the highway. Anthony Page had no tricks; his company spoke out, and spoke on. The night was blessedly without those pauses for irrelevant business, director's fun, in which we try to puzzle out the meaning of the last inaudible speech. Everything was audible and direct. Two performances especially, those of Coriolanus himself (Patrick Garland), who indeed disdained the shadow he trod on at noon; and Cominius (John Binfield) had the grand Roman manner. I was happy to listen to Binfield in the often-lopped speech of Cominius, "I shall lack voice," with its words, "and for his meed was brow-bound with the oak," and to recall, while he spoke it, that this was a former Othello from Mr. Guy Boas's Shakespearean training-ground at Sloane School. The early scenes outside Corioli were the most troublesome. Indeed, I am inclined to think that little in Shakespeare is harder to direct than this racing-and-chasing: difficulties once overcome magnificently by W. Bridges-Adams in the Stratford-upon-Avon "Coriolanus" of 1933.

Whether "The Elder Statesman" belongs to the highways or the byways, time will prove. I think still that it depends upon its third act



SCAPIN (HAROLD LANG) PERSUADES GRIPE (PATRICK WYMARK) THAT HE IS IN MORTAL DANGER: A SCENE FROM THE 59 THEATRE COMPANY'S PRODUCTION OF "THE CHEATS OF SCAPIN" AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

which is the true flowering of Eliot in the theatre, a sudden illumination after "The Cocktail Party" and "The Confidential Clerk," both of which continue to leave me unpersuaded. Bernard Hepton has directed with much intelligence at Birmingham; and one or two performances—those, for example, of the visitors from the past—are better than the originals at Edinburgh and in London. Any stranger anxious for a wide view of the British theatre should visit "Clown Jewels" and "The Elder Statesman" on successive nights. As Horatio said on another occasion, he might not this believe without "the sensible and true avouch" of his own eyes.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"LE DINDON" (Princes).—The Comédie Française in Feydeau's farce. (March 16.)
"WOLF'S CLOTHING" (Strand).—Derek Farr and Muriel Pavlow in a comedy by Kenneth Horne. (March 17.)
"THE MAGISTRATE" (Old Vic).—Pinero's farce, directed by Douglas Seale. (March 18.)



"THE CLOUDS DISAPPEAR GRADUALLY; A HUGE BALLROOM IS SEEN PEOPLED WITH WALTZING COUPLES"—"LA VALSE" AT THE ROYAL GALA PERFORMANCE.



CEASELESS ENSEMBLE MOVEMENT TO THE LILT OF THE WALTZ: ASHTON'S *POÈME CHORÉGRAPHIQUE* "LA VALSE" TO THE MUSIC OF RAVEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS THAT GIVE AN UNUSUAL IMPRESSION OF MOVEMENT: "LA VALSE" AT THE ROYAL BALLET GALA PERFORMANCE.

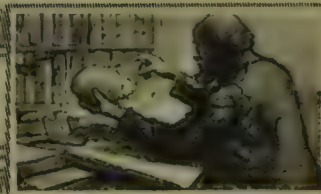
The novelty and central feature of the Gala Performance given by the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden, before the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, on March 10, was a *Poème Chorégraphique* by Frederick Ashton to music by Maurice Ravel with scenery and costumes by André Levasseur. Ravel stated the theme of his symphonic poem as "Through whirling clouds couples of waltzers are faintly distinguished. The clouds disappear gradually;

a huge ballroom is seen peopled with waltzing couples"; and Ashton has designed the ballet as an 11-minute series of variations on the lilt of the Viennese waltz with an ensemble of forty dancers and six principal dancers. The programme opened with Act III of Cranko's "The Prince of the Pagodas" and concluded with a series of seven divertissements, the last of which was given by Beryl Grey returning as a visiting star.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



YOUNG ANIMALS' FIRST GLIMPSE ON LIFE.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A LETTER from Mr. David J. Pollard, a school-master at Hayes, Middlesex, raises a question difficult to answer. Here is the problem as posed by him. "I had been talking to the children about *Lutra* (the otter) and, of course, mentioned that whelps are born blind, remaining so for 35 days. I had my information from Sandar's 'Beast Book for the Pocket' (O.U.P.), but in an article in the issue of *Wild Life Observer* for February 1958, it is stated that the whelps are sighted after 10 days. I have consulted others of my natural history books and find a wide discrepancy." Mr. Pollard then lists the results of his searches.

Edward Step, in "Animal Life of the British Isles," makes no mention of the time the eyes open. Oliver Pike in "Wild Animals in Britain," says: "I have seen young otters that were certainly not more than six weeks old with their eyes open, and very active, showing they had been in this condition for some time." Pike refers to J. G. Millais as giving the period as 35 days but suggests it should be nearer three weeks. Henry Williamson, in "Tarka," writes: "This was her first litter and she was overjoyed when Tarka's lids un-gummed, and his eyes peeped upon her, blue and wondering. He was then eleven days old."

I have carried the search on from this point. I went first to "British Mammals," by L. Harrison Matthews, the most recent and, in many ways, the most comprehensive work on the subject. He writes: "Very little is known of the breeding of the otter . . .", and later remarks that "the young are born blind and stay in the holt for some weeks," thereby avoiding any positive statement on the question of when the eyes open. But such caution is justified by what is found in the literature. There is no dearth of books and magazine articles on otters, or of references to otters in books on mammals. Most of them give no statement on the point we are discussing, and those that do are singularly at variance.

Only one person has spoken from solid evidence. That was A. H. Cocks, of Henley-on-Thames, who kept a pair of otters which bred in captivity. The female gave birth to two cubs 61 days after mating, and these were successfully reared. The results were published in the *Zoologist* in 1882, and Cocks said the cubs remained blind for 35 days. Other estimates are summarised in the "Otter Report," published by the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare, in 1957. This quotes Clapham (1922) "three weeks or more," Pitt (1934) "three weeks," Batten (1953) "seven to eight weeks," Levitre (1929: quoting Brehm) "eight days," and Liers (1951), for the Canadian otter, "thirty-five days."

To this may be added: F. Howard Lancum (1947) "at least three weeks," Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald (1958) "about a month" and E. Laurence Palmer (1957), for the Canadian otter, "25-35 days."

The dates given after each name in the previous paragraph, represent the year of publication of the information quoted. These are given in order to show that the information is often very recent.

The most surprising thing about this summary is the wide range given, from eight days to eight weeks, for the time when the eyes open. The logical thing to do would be to accept the figures given by the one person who bred otters in captivity, A. H. Cocks. Yet the other authors quoted here represent a formidable array of

authoritative naturalists, whose words cannot be lightly set aside. Consequently, I have tried to arrive at some method of testing the estimates by comparison with closely-related animals.

Otters are carnivores and are placed in the family *Mustelidae*, midway between the dogs (family *Canidae*) and the cats (family *Felidae*). From the *Canidae* we have the following: timber wolf, domestic dog and red fox, in all of which the young open their eyes on the ninth day. The times recorded for members of the *Felidae* are more variable. They are: domesticated cats 8 to

The following figures are those for various relatives of the otter, all members of this same family, the *Mustelidae*: pine marten "about 3 weeks," American marten 39 days, fisher or pekan 7 weeks, stoat 4 weeks, American long-tailed weasel 37 days, mink 3½ to 5 weeks, polecat 2 weeks, ferret 4 weeks, spotted skunk 32 days, striped skunk 3 weeks, North American badger 4 to 6 weeks.

Taking these figures at their face value, we have here a range of 14 days to 42 days, which is strikingly at variance with the figures for the *Canidae* and the *Felidae*. There are, moreover, several other points to notice.

First, the mink: that should be the one animal in this group about which most is known. It has a range of 24 to 35 days. Secondly, the ferret is merely a domesticated polecat, yet it has the figure of 28 days against 14 for the polecat. This last figure is given by E. Laurence Palmer in "Fieldbook of Mammals," yet by direct observation of litters belonging to Mr. W. G. Kingham, of Effingham, Surrey, I would have given the figure for the polecat as 28 days. Thirdly, the American badger is given a figure of 28 to 42 days, again a wide range, and it is of interest to compare this with badgers in Britain.

Ernest Neal, who has given us the most complete account of badgers in Britain, has only this to say about the eyes opening: "Badger cubs are blind when born, and most evidence points to the fact that they open their eyes after about ten days. Fischer, for example, quotes one case of cubs being found on 19 January by Hiller; two were blind and the third could just see. As this is one of the earliest births recorded, it is unlikely that they would have been long in the blind condition. Cases born in captivity on the whole confirm this, but there are a few exceptions; Patterson, for example, mentions a case of a cub being blind for six weeks; but he remarks that it was completely nude, suggesting a very premature birth."

There is nothing very tangible in this summing-up by Neal, but there is the suggestion that in the British badger the period may be variable. Further, although it is implied that six weeks may be abnormal, it is by no means certain that this was, in fact, the result of a premature birth; it is only suggested that it might have been.

It is easy enough to bring together a number of figures in this way, but it is another matter to try to draw conclusions from them. Assuming that the data presented here are fairly reliable, it seems reasonable to suppose that in otters, and the *Mustelidae* generally, the young take an unusually long time, on the average, to open their eyes, but that this period may be variable. Whether the variation is as great for the otter as is indicated, that is from 10 to 35 days, seems a little doubtful, but we can, at the moment, do no more than

take the several records on trust.

One reason for the extended period of infant blindness in the *Mustelidae* may be because the young develop slowly. A reason for the variation in the time at which the eyes open—if, indeed, this is as great as is here supposed—could be that sight is the least important sense in these animals. This might very well be the case, for although stoats, otters, polecats, and others, are usually spoken of as having bright, beady eyes, the fact remains that they depend largely on smell.



TWO PUPPIES AT THREE DAYS OLD. THE EYES ARE STILL UNOPENED, AND FROM SUCH INFORMATION AS WE HAVE IT WOULD APPEAR THAT THE EYES OF MEMBERS OF THE DOG FAMILY OPEN CONSISTENTLY AT NINE DAYS.



A NEST OF BABY POLECATS A WEEK OLD. THERE IS SOME DOUBT ABOUT THE TIME AT WHICH THE EYES OPEN, BUT FOR THIS LITTER IT WAS 28 DAYS. (THE LITTER WAS FROM A PAIR OF TAME POLECATS BELONGING TO MR. W. G. KINGHAM, OF EFFINGHAM, SURREY.)

Photographs by Jane Burton.

10 days, lion cubs "about 6 days," tiger cubs 2 weeks, puma 9 days, Canadian lynx 10 days and bobcat or bay lynx 10 days. No doubt some of the records for the *Felidae* are based on only a very few observations, but taking such records as we have they can be summarised as follows: *Canidae* 9 days, *Felidae* mainly 8 to 10 days with the lion at "about 6 days" and tiger 2 weeks, giving a maximum range for the family of 6 to 14 days. There is, therefore, a close correspondence between the two families. It is different for the *Mustelidae*.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DEATH OF GOG AND MAGOG SCULPTOR: MR. DAVID EVANS. Mr. David Evans, the sculptor, died on March 14, aged sixty-five. A regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy he was probably best known for his Guildhall Giants, Gog and Magog, which in 1953 replaced those destroyed in the Second World War. His many portrait heads and busts included those of John Galsworthy, Sir Hugh Walpole and Sir Arthur Evans.



NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY: MR. W. MACTAGGART. Mr. William MacTaggart, grandson of the Scottish painter of the same name, has been elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Aged fifty-six, he has been Secretary of the Society since 1955. He succeeds Sir William Hutchison, who will have completed nine years in office. The new Secretary is Mr. D. Moodie.



RIVAL CAPTAINS IN THIS YEAR'S OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLF MATCH ON MARCH 20 AND 21. The Cambridge University golf team is led this year by Mr. Peter Cooper (left), Clare College; and the Oxford team by Mr. John Littlewood (right), New College. The match was due to be played at Burnham-and-Berrow, North Somerset. Oxford were considered favourites.



RETIREMENT OF POPPY DAY ORGANISER: CAPTAIN SMITH-STEWART. Captain R. W. Smith-Stewart retired as the British Legion's national Poppy Day organiser on March 16, his sixty-fifth birthday. A former regular officer in the Royal Artillery, he has seen nearly £10,000,000 raised for charity in the ten years since his appointment. In 1956 the Poppy Day total reached a record of £1,114,000.



A VERSATILE MUSICIAN: THE LATE MR. HAYDN WOOD. Mr. Haydn Wood, solo violinist and successful composer of ballads, died on March 11, aged seventy-six. Early in the century, already a professional violinist, he began to write popular ballads for his wife, Dorothy Court, which made her famous on the musical stage. These ballads, which included "Roses of Picardy," won him a fortune.



(Left.) AN INDUSTRIAL SCIENTIST: THE LATE MR. F. TWYMAN. Mr. Frank Twyman, F.R.S., who died on March 6, was one of the pioneers in the application of science to industry. Born in 1876, he became a master in optical work, particularly in the field of spectrochemical analysis. He received a number of international awards for his services to science.

(Right.) INDIA'S FIRST WOMAN HIGH COURT JUDGE. Mrs. Anna Chandy, India's first woman High Court Judge, recently took her seat as an Additional Judge of the Kerala High Court at Ernakulam. She has for some time been a District and Sessions Judge in the State of Kerala. Each of the fifteen states in India and the seven Union Territories possess High Courts.



SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR HIS PART IN MURDERING 300,000 POLES AND JEWS: HERR ERIK KOCH. Former Nazi Gauleiter of East Prussia, Herr Erik Koch, is seen just after the sentence of death had been passed on him in Warsaw on March 9. A chronically sick man, Herr Koch has been in hospital or prison since 1950. He was arrested in 1949.



HAWAII GRANTED STATEHOOD AFTER FORTY YEARS OF AGITATION: THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS SENATE SUPPORTERS AND HAWAIIAN DELEGATES CELEBRATING THE OCCASION AND DISPLAYING THE HAWAIIAN FLAG. The United States Senate has at last passed a Bill granting statehood to the territory of Hawaii, and after a few remaining formalities it is likely to become the fiftieth state. A number of senators and Hawaiian delegates are seen celebrating the event in a victory group in Washington on March 11.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA AT THE CONTROLS OF A COMET AIRLINER DURING A DEMONSTRATION FLIGHT. During a demonstration flight at Teheran recently the Shah of Persia took over the controls of a B.O.A.C. Comet 4 and flew it north along the coast of the Caspian Sea. He praised its performance, and was in turn congratulated on his skill as a pilot.



TWO NEW LIFE PEERS INTRODUCED IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: LORD JAMES (LEFT) AND LORD STOPFORD. On March 10 two new Life Peers were introduced in the House of Lords. They were Lord James of Rusholme, High Master of Manchester Grammar School, and Lord Stopford of Fallowfield, lately Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University, and an authority on education.



A BRITISH AERONAUTICAL MEDAL IS AWARDED TO THE CELEBRATED FRENCH AIRCRAFT DESIGNER, M. MARCEL DASSAULT. General Pierre Gallois (left) is seen receiving from Sir Arnold Hall, President of the Royal Aeronautical Society, the Society's Gold Medal on behalf of M. Marcel Dassault, the French aircraft designer, whose achievements include the *Mystere* and *Mirage* aircraft. The ceremony took place in London.



PRESENTED WITH AN HONORARY SCROLL FOR FIFTY YEARS SERVICE TO MUSIC: MR. BENNO MOISEWITSCH, THE PIANIST. Mr. Leslie Boosey (right), Chairman of the Royal Philharmonic Society, is seen presenting Mr. Benno Moiseiwitsch with the scroll of honorary membership of the Society, at a ceremony at the Festival Hall on March 11. During the evening the pianist played Rachmaninov's Paganini Rhapsody.

FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO.

"THE FLAME TREES OF THIKA: MEMORIES OF AN AFRICAN CHILDHOOD." By ELSPETH HUXLEY.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THIS is one of the most skilfully written books that I have read for a long time. The records of a child's life in what was then British East Africa during the months immediately preceding the First World War might so easily have been intolerably dull, but Mrs. Huxley has made them extremely interesting. As a practised novelist she has seen to it that all her characters, even the animals who figure largely in her story, come to life, and she has an uncanny knack of looking at the world through the eyes of the young girl she was in those far-off days. There is not the slightest attempt to read the history of her life backwards.

Africa is so much in the public eye these days that it is only too easy to forget that in its present form it is very new indeed. When the author went there with her parents to take possession of their holding of land in the Kikuyu country conditions were almost inconceivably primitive. Her father had bought 500 acres at what we are told was the "fabulous price" of four pounds an acre on which he proposed to grow coffee. The first problem was native labour with which to clear the holding, and this was obtained in an extremely original manner. "I'll give you a tip," said a neighbour. "Put a safari lamp on a pole outside your tent at night. These people have never seen lamps before. Once they get over thinking it's a spirit, they can't resist a closer look at such a remarkable thing." In due course the scheme worked, and Mrs. Huxley's father obtained the labour he needed. This incident prompts his daughter to the sage reflection:

Although we were astonished at their ignorance even of lamps, devices known to the Romans and indeed to others long before that, the sight of a tongue of flame imprisoned in a bubble, independent and mobile, must have appeared altogether miraculous to those confronted with it for the first time. It was these very inventions that to us appeared so obvious and simple, like lamps, and matches and wheels, and putting water into pipes, that struck these people with the force of wonder and amazement.

Later, when Europeans displayed the inventions in which they themselves took so much pride, like aeroplanes and radios, they were often disappointed at the Africans' attitude of indifferent acceptance. But if you had lived for many centuries without control over the elements, quite at their mercy, it would be the realisation that fire and water, your daily companions, could be mastered, that would come as a revelation to you, not the ingenuity of some more refined device for enabling you to do something you had never thought of doing, like travelling through the air.

It is indeed curious that throughout Africa, save along the Mediterranean littoral, people should have existed for thousands of years without acquiring, apparently, either the knowledge or the desire to raise themselves above the most primitive conditions of existence. The only comparable instance is that of the Red Indians who also in a state of savagery roamed for centuries about a continent which remained undeveloped and unexplored until the arrival of the white man.

On the other hand the European settlers were a very varied assortment. Mrs. Huxley has much to say about her neighbours, and with the exception of one or two real estate sharks they seem to have been on their arrival singularly ignorant of the country to which they had expatriated themselves. It is not, indeed, quite clear why her own parents went to Africa, though it was presumably in some way connected with the "crash" to which there are several allusions during the course of her narrative. Then there was a former officer in a Lancer regiment who had been compelled to send in his papers for having eloped with another man's wife whom he brought out to Africa with him, and whose reactions to life there are inimitably described. Indeed, the only people who seemed to know what to do were those who were doing wrong, such as a largely absentee elephant poacher who was married to a very

matter-of-fact Edinburgh nurse. They were not people to whom the theory of trusteeship would, I fear, have made any very strong appeal.

Between them and the Kikuyu there was little understanding. The settlers were only too ready to regard the natives as a pack of thieves, but the author, with her broad understanding of human nature, is of the opinion that there is another point-of-view. The Kikuyu were perfectly honest with one another; crops grew unplundered, homesteads were fortified only against evil spirits, if a woman left a load of millet by the path-side, or a man a snuff-horn or spear, it would be found intact on its owner's return. Europeans, however, were on a different footing, and their property, therefore, was exempt from ordinary laws; "it sprang

but had themselves no barricades, and went about unarmed. This respect preserved them like an invisible coat of mail, or a form of magic, and seldom failed; but it had to be very carefully guarded.

The least rent or puncture might, if not immediately checked and repaired, split the whole garment asunder and expose its wearer in all his human vulnerability. Kept intact, it was a thousand times stronger than all the guns and locks and metal in the world; challenged, it could be brushed aside like a spider's web.

Lack of respect was consequently a very serious crime, and often led to a beating.

Mrs. Huxley does not argue the point but it is difficult to resist the conclusion that what put an end to this respect of the African for the European was the First World War. The spectacle of white men fighting one another, and calling coloured men to their aid, shattered the old *mystique* in Africa in the same way as the victory of Japan over Russia had done in Asia ten years before. Then, again, that war and its aftermath unhappily brought into Africa large numbers of men, and still more of women, whom it was impossible to respect, so that by the 'twenties the old relationship had passed away, with results that are only too obvious to-day. Some of the white people

whom Mrs. Huxley describes were certainly not very estimable, but before the outside world they kept up a *façade* which their successors were to abandon, not least in Kenya itself.

At this stage of her life the author was not very long in Africa, but she was there at a very impressionable age, so she was rather at a loss to understand what all the fuss was about when war broke out. She took back to England with her a spear, a Kikuyu sword, and a Dorobo bow-and-arrows, and when her mother asked if she would really need all those weapons she replied that one of the native servants had said "I was to kill Germans with the spear, and cut off their heads with the sword." To which came an answer indicating the less colourful world which lay ahead, "There are no Germans at your aunt Mildred's in Porchester Terrace, where we shall stay: only a Belgian fugitive." Incidentally, it is not in retrospect at all easy to see why all these settlers rushed back to England; the men, at any rate, would have been much better employed in campaigning against von Lettow-Vorbeck in East Africa. With these momentous happenings we leave a wondering, but very observant, little girl in a train pulling out of Nairobi on its way to Mombasa, where she and her mother were to embark for home on a Greek cargo-boat.

When the reader lays this book down for the last time he will have learnt a great deal about the origins of Kenya in a very comfortable manner, for it is a valuable historical document as well as a delightful piece of autobiography. The publishers, too, deserve a word of praise for a most attractive jacket.



MRS. ELSPETH HUXLEY, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Mrs. Huxley was born in 1907, the daughter of Major Josceline Grant, of Njoro, Kenya, and she was educated at the European School, Nairobi, and Reading University. She has travelled extensively in America, Africa and elsewhere, and is the author of a number of books, especially about Africa, on which she is an authority.



DURING THE NYASALAND STATE OF EMERGENCY: AN ARMED GUARD AT CHILEKA AIRPORT, BLANTYRE, WHERE SABOTEURS CUT POWER LINES ON MARCH 10.



EUROPEANS AND AFRICANS JOIN FORCES TO REMOVE A TREE FELLED BY RIOTERS IN THE MLANJE DISTRICT WITH A VIEW TO BLOCKING THE ROADS.

A plan by Nyasaland rioters to terrorise African workers in the tea factories in the Mlanje district was thwarted on March 9 by the prompt action of the security forces. Some 500 men from four villages were rounded up and, after warnings, were released to return to work. On March 10, despite heavy guards on the airport installations, saboteurs managed to cut the power land lines between the radio location beacon and the terminal building at Chileka Airport; and on the same day aircraft of the Royal Rhodesian Air Force dropped thousands of leaflets over Nyasaland in English and the vernacular, giving warnings and setting out the origin of the troubles in very simple language. One leaflet, for example, read: "This is not a war against the African people. The police and troops are being used to seize bad people who are defying the Government and its laws and to protect good people from intimidation." (The reproductions on this page do not illustrate the book reviewed.)

up like grass after rain, and for a Kikuyu to help himself was no more robbery than to take the honey from wild bees." In fact, they were rather like the modern traveller who can be trusted implicitly with someone else's spoons, but who thinks nothing of appropriating a towel or an ashtray from a liner as a souvenir.

In those days before the First World War the white man in Africa had one great asset, namely respect.

Indeed respect was the only protection available to Europeans who lived singly, or in scattered families, among thousands of Africans accustomed to constant warfare and armed with spears and poisoned arrows,

* "The Flame Trees of Thika: Memories of an African Childhood." By Elspeth Huxley. (Chatto and Windus; 16s.)

FROM THE CHANNEL TO BANGKOK: DRAMATIC SEA AND AIR INCIDENTS.



A ROYAL NAVY FIREFIGHTER BEING LOWERED FROM A HELICOPTER ON TO A GERMAN MERCHANT SHIP WHICH CAUGHT FIRE OFF DEVON.

Royal Navy minesweepers went to the assistance of the German freighter *Vormann Rass*, in which fire broke out on March 11 off Start Point, Devon. A helicopter lowered firefighters on to the ship to help to extinguish the fire. (Another photograph appears below.)



BROKEN IN TWO BY THE SEA AFTER GOING AGROUND: THE FREIGHTER *HOLDERNESS* AT BLYTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.

On March 11 the merchant ship *Holderness*, carrying a cargo of coal, ran aground on the seaward side of Blyth East Pier shortly after leaving the harbour. Not long afterwards the pounding seas had broken her in two.



THE FIRE ABOARD THE *VORMANN RASS*: THE MINESWEEPER H.M.S. *JEWEL* SAILING TOWARDS HER WITH FIRE-HOSES IN ACTION, AS A TUG AND H.M.S. *ACUTE* STAND BY.

After the minesweepers H.M.S. *Jewel* and *Acute* had gone to the assistance of the *Vormann Rass* (shown also at the top of the page) and naval firefighters had been sent aboard to help

control the fire, it was reported that the merchant ship was being towed toward Plymouth. The tug *Superman* from Devonport also assisted, and the freighter's crew were rescued.



NOT A HAPPY LANDING BUT A SAFE ONE: A *CANBERRA* JET BOMBER WHICH SUCCESSFULLY MADE A FORCED LANDING ON DON MUANG AIRFIELD.

A Commonwealth *Canberra* jet bomber taking part in the S.E.A.T.O. exercise "Air Progress" successfully made a forced landing with its undercarriage retracted at Don Muang Air Base, Bangkok, Thailand, on March 11. The crew were unhurt.



ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: AN ELASTIC WEB EMERGENCY LANDING DEVICE SAVING A BRITISH *SEAHAWK* FIGHTER.

The nylon elastic barrier for emergency landings, known as the "Spider's Web," was recently successfully used when a *Seahawk* was unable to make a normal landing because of trouble with the arrestor hook. It was the first time the device had been used in an emergency, it was claimed.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE SANDBY BROTHERS.

THE first part of the collection of drawings which once belonged to William Sandby, a descendant of the brothers Thomas and Paul Sandby, and who published an excellent little book about them in 1892, is being sold at Christie's on March 24. No doubt by the time these words appear many will have availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing for themselves a series which, as the lots frequently consist of from two to five drawings, must add up to about 300 all told. Naturally, some are of no great importance, but between them all they present the two brothers to us in the round, as it were, and supplement in a very vivid manner what we know about them already from the drawings in the Royal Library at Windsor, the British Museum and two or three private collections. Thomas, the elder, was born in 1721 and Paul four years later. They seem to have been self-taught and left Nottingham for London together in 1741, when they found work as draughtsmen in the Survey Office in the Tower of London; that is, as map draughtsmen under the Master-General of the Ordnance. In 1743 Thomas was appointed draughtsman to William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland (who acquired lasting fame later as the Butcher of Culloden). He accompanied his master across the Channel and was present at the Battle of Dettingen, and then, while at Fort William, was said to have been the first to warn the Government of the landing of the Young Pretender.

In the British Museum there are four drawings by him of camps in the Low Countries and a sketch of Culloden in the Royal Library. In 1746 Cumberland, now Ranger of Windsor Great Park, selected Thomas as Deputy Ranger, an appointment which carried with it the house then known as the Deputy Ranger's Lodge (now Royal Lodge and much altered). Here Thomas lived for half-a-century, and not the least interesting drawing in the collection is a delightful one by Paul showing house and grounds, with women and children of the Sandby families in the foreground. It dates from 1798, when Thomas died. Meanwhile, after the '45 Paul remained in Scotland employed upon the military survey of the Highlands, and did not return to London until 1751, when he joined his brother who, by then, was firmly established in Royal favour. Both brothers became foundation members of the Royal Academy and Thomas its first Professor of Architecture, giving his first lecture in 1770. Not unnaturally the thirty lots in the sale from the hand of Thomas, apart from a few from his early days as the Duke's personal draughtsman—for example, the Camp of the Allied Armies near Maastricht—are concerned mainly with his professional career.

He was responsible for the construction of Virginia Water and the layout of the plantations surrounding it, and several sketches depict various designs for this quite considerable enterprise—designs for the cascade and grotto, for rock-work, for the bridge. There are several drawings for the so-called Bridge of Magnificence, designed in 1760 and planned for the Thames at Somerset House—a project which did not come to fruition, and then in an entirely different form, until two generations later—that is, Waterloo Bridge. There are various detailed architectural drawings, among them a plan and perspective for Kedleston

and a view or two, notably one of trees with cattle and sheep, possibly in Windsor Great Park, to remind us that the elder brother, no less than the younger, was a good deal more than a careful topographical artist.

Until their day all that was required of such a man was the capacity to provide his employers with a literal statement of fact; it was partly their example which raised this rather pedestrian profession to a higher status. Most of us who are not specialists in the subject think of Paul Sandby as being concerned with landscapes only. This is

more than ordinarily attractive (Fig. 2). The temptation to identify the sitter with the wife of the painter Philippe Mercier, the French Huguenot from Germany who was so influenced by Watteau and, on settling in England, made a very considerable impact upon his generation, must be resisted. The dress and that delicious straw hat, I am told, belong to the late 1750's, and Mercier, who married in 1720, died in 1760. The boy seems to be twelve or fourteen. The name, though, in its French form, is unusual, and the lady could well have been a member of the family.

Altogether, this and the other figure drawings provide for most of us an unknown side to Paul Sandby's talents. They include, I notice, eight in pen and ink which, though of no great consequence in themselves, must have been treasured by the artist for the rest of his life as marking an important stage in his career. They were copied from engravings by Bloemart and were sent by Paul with some landscapes when he applied for his draughtsman's job with the Board of Ordnance.

Having enjoyed the drawings readers will find no little entertainment in following the career of the two brothers in rather more detail. Thomas, naturally absorbed in his job at Windsor, is rather less forthcoming. Paul is as lively as one could wish. One of his enterprises was a series of caricatures making fun of Hogarth, and the latter's famous adventure in aesthetics, "The Line of Beauty," though—and this much redounds to his honour—when he saw Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode," he announced that such a man should not be made the subject of ridicule and burlesque. He had a neat sense of fun, as witness his caricature of the famous dancing-master Vestris teaching a goose to dance. One account says that Sandby had to wait while Vestris was admitted to a house. The insult rankled. Beneath the caricature is this:

Let men of learning plead and preach, their
toil is all in vain;
Sure, labour of the heels and hands is better
than the brain.

And a good deal more to the same effect. But it is unnecessary, I should have thought, to look for a personal affront as an inspiration. Others beside Sandby were upset by the enormous sums earned by the two Vestris, father and son, during the war with France. A number of satirical prints concerning the two dancers were published in 1781 and Sir Bruce Ingram owns a drawing by Nathaniel Dance on the same theme. None the less, it is for his landscapes that Paul will be chiefly remembered, and the highest praise came from no less a person than Gainsborough himself—"the only man of

genius," said he in a letter written about 1762, who has painted "real views from nature in this country." What exactly did Gainsborough mean by that? Useless, I suggest, to tie a man who spoke so eloquently with a brush to an exact definition of his words? Enough to know that a painter who himself so beautifully interpreted the countryside expressed his approval of his less famous contemporary.



TWO DRAWINGS BY PAUL SANDBY FROM WILLIAM SANDBY'S COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS BY THOMAS AND PAUL SANDBY: (ABOVE) FIG. 1, "THE DEPUTY RANGER'S LODGE, WINDSOR GREAT PARK" AND (RIGHT), FIG. 2, "MRS. MERCIER AND HER SON."

The Deputy Ranger's Lodge, Windsor Great Park, now Royal Lodge, was for many years the home of Thomas Sandby and is shown in the drawing with women and children of the Sandby families in the foreground. (Fig. 1—signed with initials and dated 1798, 20 by 16 ins.; Fig. 2—with F mark, pencil and red crayon, 7 by 5½ ins.)

partly because we are far more familiar with them from various exhibitions, partly because his genuine importance is derived from them. Without checking chapter and verse, memory recalls several of exceptional quality, some of Windsor Great Park, where he so frequently stayed with his brother, some of Wales—he was one of the first to appreciate its beauties—two at least of the Thames from the Terrace of Old Somerset House, in which he was very definitely influenced by Canaletto. There are well over a hundred landscapes in the collection, some of them named, and not less than half as many portraits and figure studies. The landscapes include the delightful drawing of Fig. 1, his brother's house in Windsor Great Park referred to above, and among the portraits that of a Mrs. Mercier and her son which appears to me



THE EOKA LEADER AND HIS WEAPONS; AND A LUXURY HOTEL ON THE NILE.



THE YOUNG "DIGHENIS": COLONEL GRIVAS' FAVOURITE PHOTOGRAPH OF HIMSELF, TAKEN JUST BEFORE HE ENTERED THE GREEK MILITARY ACADEMY.



GEORGE GRIVAS IN 1935: THE MAN WHO WAS TO BECOME THE EOKA LEADER AND THE "HERO" OF CYPRUS. HE HAS ANNOUNCED HIS RETIREMENT FROM PUBLIC LIFE.



THE GREEK ARMY MAJOR, LATER COLONEL GRIVAS, WHO AS "DIGHENIS" LED THE EOKA TERRORIST CAMPAIGN AGAINST BRITISH TROOPS IN CYPRUS.

The "hero" of the day in Cyprus is Colonel George Grivas, known over the past five years as "Dighenis," the elusive and powerful Eoka leader who is now about to leave Cyprus

"knowing," as he announced in his farewell message, "that I have done everything to free it from slavery." He has appealed to Cypriots to obey Archbishop Makarios.



EOKA WEAPONS BROUGHT FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES: A SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD CYPRIOT GIRL HANDING OVER THE WEAPONS TO A POLICE OFFICER AT KYKKO MONASTERY, NEAR NICOSIA.



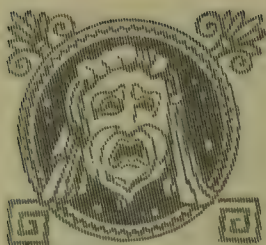
SOME OF THE ASSORTED ARMS. MANY WERE CRUDELY MADE UP OF PARTS OF DIFFERENT WEAPONS, WHILE ONE AMERICAN GUN WAS SOLD BY THE UNITED STATES TO THE PHILIPPINES IN 1917. On March 13 Eoka began handing in their arms to police authorities at various stipulated points all over the island of Cyprus. These included an amazing variety of weapons, from Sten and Stirling guns to numerous improvised rifles, booby-traps and bombs made of lengths of piping.



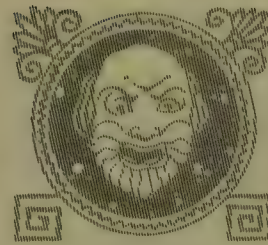
THE NEW NILE HILTON HOTEL IN CAIRO, WITH ITS ROOFTOP RESTAURANT AND ITS HALF-COMPLETED 6½ ACRES OF GROUNDS. ICE-COLD WATER CIRCULATES TO GUEST ROOMS. At a cost of over £2,250,000, the new Nile Hilton Hotel has been opened in Cairo. Twelve storeys high, it is V-shaped, designed so as to take the fullest advantage of the fine view of the city, river and desert which it commands. Nearly eighteen million pieces of Venetian glass have been used.



A BEDROOM IN THE NILE HILTON HOTEL WITH ITS WIDE WINDOWS LEADING OUT ON TO A BALCONY. THE COUCHES BECOME BEDS AT NIGHT.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.



HAUNTING

By ALAN DENT

THERE is no better word than "haunting" for the disturbingly strange and beautiful film of modern Greece called "A Matter of Dignity," which has quietly crept into our consciousness. It is a product of Michael Cacoyannis, whose work, at least as film-director, is quite new to me—though I seem to remember an over-intense, over-earnest, over-theoried young Greek of the same name vainly trying to make me argue with him in a Stratford-on-Avon hotel quite ten years ago.

By the directest possible means this now-accomplished film-maker transports you to Athens and the Athenian atmosphere at the very outset. The titles and credits have not vanished before you are aware that in the background is a steep wooded hill which, unless I am grossly mistaken, is the view from the Acropolis, looking north-west, of Lycabettus dominated by the white church of St. George. It is a nocturnal view, and one or two lighted windows pierce the darkness. Still more telling, this lingering prospect is, as it were, drowned in one of those deeply melancholy and passionate Greek folk-tunes (which go on being played on modern bands though they seem half as old as Greece itself and have a "blueness" deeper far than the Blues itself or themselves!)

The film's plot must appear banal and ordinary enough in synopsis, though it certainly does not seem so as unfolded on the screen. Chloe is a young girl whose prosperous-seeming parents hope she will marry an immensely rich but not very romantic young man called Dritsas. She has a friend from childhood called Markos, whose smiling and patient devotion she does not take

desire to sell her daughter to the perfectly ready and obliging millionaire who proffers a yacht for relaxation and gives parties which end at dawn in gardens with, as background, a distant prospect of the Acropolis itself. A humdrum tale, true

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE



ELLIE LAMBETTI, APPEARING AS CHLOE IN "A MATTER OF DIGNITY." (CURZON FILM DISTRIBUTORS LIMITED.)

Of his current choice, Alan Dent writes: "Ellie Lambetti is a lovely and expressive new young actress from Greece. She has already been seen here in other films by the same director, Michael Cacoyannis—notably 'The Girl in Black.' But this is my own first glimpse of her, and it is a delighted and a gratified glimpse. She has more than a hint of the urgent and importunate beauty which one never wearies of reading about in the young Duse or the young Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The film began its first showing at the Curzon on February 27."

nurse. Katerina has a little son of her own who is being brought up in a mountain village. She goes to visit him when he has a serious accident. Will her employers send any part of her overdue wages? They will not—though Chloe goes to comfort her, being escorted there by the dangerously affectionate Galanos. She chooses to return alone in a crowded bus. The nurse returns also with her recovered child, and there is a violent scene between the three women which culminates in tragedy.

Consideration for those who will want to see this film prevents me from divulging exactly what happens at the end of it. But the action is beautifully ordered and has the right, Greek, inevitable air to the very end. One would only question the great outburst of the "Rosenkavalier" Waltzes which come from the radio in the middle of the deathly quarrel-scene at the end. Sharp irony is the obvious intention here. But I should have thought that some non-worldly Bach or, perhaps even better, some Mozart in that unearthly mood of heart-aching gaiety (so often to be found in his last movements) would have pointed the ironic contrast far better than voluptuous Richard Strauss.

Elsewhere the musical accompaniment is as inspired as it is spare. We have at one emotional climax a shattering three-minutes of purest string-quartet which *must* be late Beethoven, though I am chagrined to say that I cannot "place" it. And we have one or two—not more—outbreaks of that doom-laden and yet insouciant Greek folk-tune with which we began our aching adventure.



CHLOE AND KATERINA, HER FAMILY'S FAITHFUL MAID (ELENI ZAFIRIOU), IN A SCENE FROM "A MATTER OF DIGNITY."



CHLOE AND ROXANE (ATHENA MICHAELIDOU), IN A SCENE OF CRISIS IN "A MATTER OF DIGNITY," AIDING KATERINA, THE INNOCENT VICTIM OF TRAGIC CIRCUMSTANCES.

very seriously; and through Markos she suddenly meets an older and more experienced man called Galanos, to whom she is drawn partly because he has obviously and instantaneously fallen in love with her. What will Chloe do? It is the only question the film has to settle, and it settles it with the most extraordinary and the most un-banal gradualness. It opens like a flower.

It should be explained that Chloe's parents are leading a life of sham, the father being on the verge of bankruptcy, and the mother being at a loss how to pay the bills of the grocer and the wine merchants who keep her card-parties going. From this plight springs the mother's

enough; but ye gods, how exquisitely it is unfolded!

Of paramount importance in its unfolding is Katerina, the family servant and Chloe's old

OTHER CURRENT FILMS.

"THE ANGRY HILLS" (M.-G.-M. Generally Released: March 9).—Robert Mitchum in his most "couldn't-care-less" mood as an American war-correspondent in Greece before and after the Nazi invasion.

"THE LADY IS A SQUARE" (A.B.-P. Generally Released: March 16).—Anna Neagle as a well-bred lady whose pure taste in music is vitiated by the other sort as expounded by Frankie Vaughan, etc.

"THE HORSE'S MOUTH" (U.A. Generally Released: March 16).—Sir Alec Guinness as a furious genius of a painter, in a rather too farcical adaptation of the late Joyce Cary's memorable novel.

M. Cacoyannis is to be congratulated not only on his production but also on the whole of his cast and on his photographer, Walter Lassally, who is an Englishman but obviously a lover of Athens. The enchanting Ellie Lambetti, who fulfils Chloe, is obviously an actress from her very first scene when she looks after her mother's card-playing guests with a smile, and lets that smile fade with an immense gradualness as the guests depart. In her face you can see her doomed future beginning to cloud her happy present. Where, now, am I to find her earlier films—"A Girl in Black" and "Windfall in Athens"? For find them I must. Her sad smile haunts me still.

MAKING ITS DEBUT IN PUBLIC: THE BRISTOL ZOO'S POLAR BEAR CUB.



TIRED OUT AFTER MEETING THE PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE BRISTOL ZOO'S POLAR BEAR CUB SLEEPS BETWEEN ITS MOTHER'S PAWS.



A WORD OF ADVICE BEFORE FACING THE PUBLIC: THE FOURTEEN-WEEK-OLD CUB WITH ITS MOTHER, *CYNTHIA*, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE DEN.



RELAXING IN THE SUNSHINE: *CYNTHIA* STRETCHES AGAINST THE WALL WHILE HER CUB WATCHES, SOMEWHAT AWED BY THE SIZE OF ITS PARENT.

On March 12 the polar bear cub born fourteen weeks ago at the Bristol Zoo made its first appearance in public. The cub had not been named, as the keeper, Mr. George Hunt, had decided that the mother was too nervous to run the risk of the cub being harmed if he handled it, and its sex was therefore unknown. The cub is the first to be reared in Britain since *Brumas* was born in the London Zoo on November 27, 1949, and its survival is believed



A LESSON IN DEPORTMENT: *CYNTHIA* SHOWS HER CUB HOW TO SIT UP AND BEG—AN ATTITUDE THAT THE PUBLIC FIND PARTICULARLY APPEALING.

to be due to the experimental underfloor electrical heating in the den. *Brumas* made her first appearance in public on February 17, 1950 and quickly endeared herself to visitors to the Zoo. It is obvious from the photographs above that the new cub will also be a popular attraction at the Bristol Zoo. The mother, *Cynthia*, is twelve years old and appears to be less nervous of the safety of her cub, which it was hoped could be handled last week-end.

ANYONE who approaches the task of praising Sir Winston Churchill with anything but a feeling of helpless inadequacy is a zany. There, looming up like some vast pyramid in the desert of contemporary history, stands the monument which the greatest of our living statesmen has himself erected, by his own words and actions—no less, perhaps, by the words which he has had the fortitude not to utter, and the deeds from which it has been heroic on his part to refrain. For it takes singular courage to stand alone in the political wilderness, as Sir Winston stood between the wars, refusing to say smooth things or to accept office from men with whose policies he could not agree. There, too, stands his own comment on the events in which he took so decisive a part, six volumes resounding with the thunders of Winstonian prose, re-echoing the voice which dominated the thunders of battle. These volumes have now been abridged into one. Appropriately enough, it is by no means "slim." The 1,000-odd pages of *THE SECOND WORLD WAR* may be an epitome, but they are not slight, either in form, content, or sheer physical weight. Most of the book is, of course, quite familiar. To me, the excitement of retracing events lay less in the later than in the earlier passages, for here abridgement has quickened the tempo to that of a stage tragedy. How fatefully Sir Winston describes the locust years, the darkening scene, the advent of Hitler, the loss of air parity, and the sequence of withdrawals and defeats stretching from the annexation of the Rhineland to Munich and the despairing decision to guarantee Poland! This is how he sums it up:

Here is a line of milestones to disaster. Here is a catalogue of surrenders, at first when all was easy and later when things were harder, to the ever-growing German power. But now at last was the end of British and French submission. Here was decision at last, taken at the worst possible moment and on the least satisfactory ground, which must surely lead to the slaughter of tens of millions of people. Here was the righteous cause deliberately and with a refinement of inverted artistry committed to mortal battle after its assets and advantages had been so improvidently squandered.

But most readers will turn, as I did, to the epilogue, in which Sir Winston sums up events from July 1945 to February 1957. Here, I told myself, are matters of high controversy on which Sir Winston has not yet pronounced—and I found that he has kept a courteous silence. There are full references to his own momentous speeches at Fulton and at Zurich (speeches which crystallised the grand differences of our modern world); much about the Soviet's post-war attitudes and the Korean war; a sweeping glance at the problems of Asia, Africa and the Middle East. About events which took place during the premiership of Sir Anthony Eden, his successor, and especially the Suez adventure—nothing. One could not, I at once realised, have expected the epilogue to such a book, published at such a moment, to contain any such comments. But I shall continue to hope that they have been written, and that they may be given to the world in some future decade, when political passions on these matters have been stilled and personal reputations are no longer at stake.

Sir Winston makes a brief and singularly unflattered appearance in Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's *ON MY OWN*. She shows him at a private party at Windsor Castle in 1948, refusing to take part in a game which resembled charades. "Not even the Queen's pleas for advice could move him," writes Mrs. Roosevelt, "to take a small part in the activities. He just kept on being glum." But Mrs. Roosevelt is ingenuous. She admits that, when Mr. Churchill paid a visit to the United States during the war, she had resented the way in which he had kept her husband up talking until 1 or 2 a.m.—and even that she herself had had to remember to keep him supplied with "the cigars and the various favourite drinks"! There are passages in this short autobiographical sketch of Mrs. Roosevelt's life and work after the President's death which are courageous, touching and sincere, but she must not mind—she will not, in fact, care a dime!—if I say that to me her appearances in the world's council-chambers and at interviews with potentates take on the aspect of those of a universal aunt.

Presidents and Prime Ministers, of course, are equipped with entourages which extend beyond their own families, and in *THE POWERS BEHIND THE PRIME MINISTERS*, Sir Charles Petrie has made a short but illuminating study of the various grey eminences to be found in No. 10, Downing Street during the past century. None of these has been more controversial than the late Sir Horace Wilson, and I followed with much interest Sir Charles's arguments in favour of Sir Horace's correctness in handling the immense trust reposed in him by Mr. Chamberlain.

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

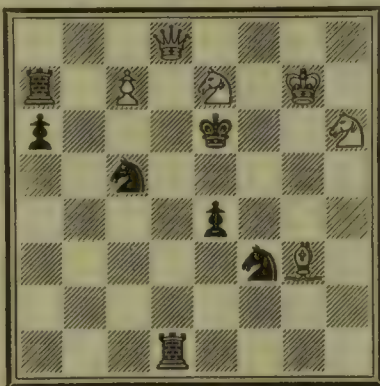
Still on the subject of principalities and powers, actual and potential, I was shocked to discover myself being disappointed with Mr. Aldous Huxley's *BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED*. I am, I fear, almost alone in this judgment—but it cannot be helped. I had been looking forward to a new version of Mr. Huxley's brilliant satire, and what I got was a series of grave essays analysing the further stages in human conditioning now being developed by possible world-dictators after the comparatively crude methods set out in

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT is some time since we published a "straight" chess problem, so here is one specially composed for *The Illustrated London News* by R. S. M. Sturges, Basingstoke:

Black.



White.

White to play and mate on his second move against any defence Black may set up.

Solution (don't look!) below.

Style and Personality in Chess

That anybody could express, or reveal, his personality in the way he moves about carved bits of wood on a chequered board, might seem a fantastic proposition to some.

Even among the masters, however, there are vast contrasts in style. I write "even" because all good players try to make themselves into "all-rounders" knowing that a notorious predilection for attack will only expose them to a series of dull games in which possibilities of attack are non-existent and, conversely, that if it becomes well known they prefer quiet play, they will get nothing but fireworks. This very process, in fact, ensures that any player who reaches top rank will have shed on the way most of his eccentricities of style.

Paul Keres was famous in youth for his explosive combinations but has mellowed considerably in his forties; not because his powers are waning—quite the reverse, in fact. He is playing sounder chess to-day, even if not so spectacular. His style cost him some severe defeats in early life which he would never suffer now.

It is in club and league play that temperament often "sticks out a mile." There is hardly a club secretary or match captain anywhere who is not brought vividly up against this. I think at once of two players in my club. "A" is stodgy, cautious, sound. If he is a pawn up after an hour's play, you can be pretty sure he will have converted it, by the end of the evening, into a win. "B" is brilliant but incalculable. He can be a rook to the good, but lose. On the other hand, he can save himself from desperate situations where "A" would give up all hope.

Then there's "C"—quite a phenomenon. He draws every game. Down in Division Six he draws. Promote him to Division I: he'll try ten times as hard—and still draw. Players like A and C tend to be placed in teams higher than their class; those like B, lower.

Safe it is to say, that chess without the human element, would be only half the game it is! . . . the key move of the problem (I'm bringing it in unobtrusively for the benefit of people who really didn't want to notice it accidentally) is Kt-Q5. The threatened mate by Q-Q6 can be countered in any of five ways, but each lets in a different mate.

Mr. Orwell's 1984. Compressed, impressive and depressing—but I am beginning to dislike most forms of pressure!

So let us take heart, and turn to a few novels. The story of that romantic (if somewhat exasperating) Irish rebel leader, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who died in gaol in 1798, is excellently retold by Stella Fitzthomas Hagan in *THE GREEN CRAVAT*. You need not possess any special interest in Irish affairs to enjoy a book which contains so much fine character-drawing. *THE LEVELLING WIND*, by Margaret Benaya, is rather similar—only to the extent that you need have no predilections in favour of the State of Israel to appreciate this story, which has for its background the modern Israeli Army. It is not easy to depict a woman who is totally incapable of love, of any kind, but Mrs. Benaya has succeeded.

It came as a great relief to me to find that delinquents and semi-delinquents can still be

treated humorously, and although the publisher's blurb tells me (probably with truth) that Perry Madoc is essentially serious, I concentrated on being amused by his *DAYS AND MOMENTS QUICKLY FLYING*, and my efforts were rewarded with entire success. But I think it was a mistake to make Oliver's father and elder brother clergymen, perhaps because clergymen are professionally inhibited from finding delinquents amusing—and I, like (I fancy) a good many other readers, want a nice long holiday from being forced to treat them seriously.

There are no real delinquents, funny or otherwise, in Doreen Wallace's *RICHARD AND LUCY*, but almost all the characters are quite maddening. This is certainly intended, because Miss Wallace is a competent and experienced novelist, but to be forced to endure both Richard and Lucy for something over 300 pages is really a bit much. At the beginning of the book they marry—almost by accident. Later on they have a daughter—entirely by accident. They are separated, divorced, and reunited in their fretful and disintegrating old age. And this is how the book ends: "Yes I'll feel better in the morning," said Margaret. 'That's the sad part. Whenever we get a glimpse of reality, someone tells us we'll feel better in the morning: and we do.' (Margaret, of course, was the daughter, and she deserves a great deal more sympathy than I, for one, am able to give her.)

All these novels, good or bad, seem to me to make some sort of sense. I wish I could say the same of Mr. John Wain's *A TRAVELLING WOMAN*. His characters have names like Links and Captax, and they behave with a stupidity which I found exhausting. Sex and custard-pie comedy, in an aggressively modern idiom, add up to something singularly unattractive. But Mr. John Wain is definitely the mode, and if you like modish books, you may get on with his Captaxes—or should it be Captaces?—even when they are pretending to be psycho-analysts.

Only one thriller this week. It was the late Mgr. Ronald Knox, I think, who said that the best detective stories should contain no Chinamen—so what am I to say about a murder mystery which contains nothing but? Good Chinamen, bad Chinamen, clever Chinamen, silly Chinamen, dead and dying Chinamen, and a sprinkling of Chinese women. Never mind. I am sure that if Ronnie Knox had read *THE CHINESE GOLD MURDERS*, by Robert Van Gulik—who cannot, I suppose, be a Chinaman himself?—he would have allowed an exception to his rule. The learned postscript by the author is a trifle daunting, but a good mystery story—and this is certainly good—is probably no worse for being "authentic" as well.

There is a good deal of "authenticity," too, about Mr. Thomas Pakenham's *THE MOUNTAINS OF RASSELAS*. This is an account of a number of journeys carried out by the author in Ethiopia, in search of the famous mountains where the princes of the Royal House of Ethiopia were kept imprisoned. The book is written with a good deal of charm—as, indeed, one would expect from the eldest son of Lord and Lady Pakenham—and makes easy and pleasant reading. Good documentary stuff, but nothing more.

BRASSEY'S ANNUAL, the armed forces' year book, edited by Rear-Admiral H. G. Thursfield, is in its sixty-ninth year of publication. It contains an article on the modern relationship between statesmen and military leaders, by Major-General Wilson, which I found particularly interesting.

BOOKS REVIEWED

- THE SECOND WORLD WAR*—Abridged One-Volume Edition, by Winston S. Churchill. (Collins; 35s.)
ON MY OWN, by Eleanor Roosevelt. (Hutchinson; 21s.)
THE POWERS BEHIND THE PRIME MINISTERS, by Sir Charles Petrie. (Macgibbon and Kee; 21s.)
BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED, by Aldous Huxley. (Chatto and Windus; 12s. 6d.)
THE GREEN CRAVAT, by Stella Fitzthomas Hagan. (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.)
THE LEVELLING WIND, by Margaret Benaya. (Collins; 15s.)
DAYS AND MOMENTS QUICKLY FLYING, by Perry Madoc. (Collins; 13s. 6d.)
RICHARD AND LUCY, by Doreen Wallace. (Collins; 15s.)
A TRAVELLING WOMAN, by John Wain. (Macmillan; 13s. 6d.)
THE CHINESE GOLD MURDERS, by Robert Van Gulik. (Michael Joseph; 13s. 6d.)
THE MOUNTAINS OF RASSELAS, by Thomas Pakenham. (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 21s.)
BRASSEY'S ANNUAL, edited by Rear-Admiral H. G. Thursfield. (William Clowes; 3 gns.)



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Flame in the far desert

Kindled in moistness, sand-smouldering. Fanned into eager flame by the hot wind. Now, advancing in swift tongues of movement; spreading, enlarging, flowing together, consuming. Before long, the flame will fly.

Desert Locusts. As yet, still in the hopper stage, wingless, earth-bound. But soon, if allowed to live, to rise into the sun on a thousand million whirring wings; to pass, as a far fiercer flame, over the ever-burning fires of Baba Gurgur in Irak. To cross the borders into Jordan, Syria and Iran. To swing eastwards towards Pakistan, northwest to Morocco, south to Tanganyika, west to Senegal. And everywhere to bring desolation. From time immemorial, the Desert Locust (*Schistocerca gregaria* FORSK.) has scorched the earth and devoured its fruits—scourge of some sixty countries and nine million square miles in a vast sweep of Africa and Asia. And through bitter centuries man, armed with only the most primitive and futile weapons, watched helplessly and without hope as the greenness was stripped from the earth.

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Shell ketones—methyl isobutyl ketone, acetone, methyl ethyl ketone and diacetone alcohol—are important constituents of high performance lacquers, such as nitrocellulose, vinyls and acrylics, the latest development in high gloss spray-finishes for car bodies. They also find many other applications in industry,

ranging from extraction processes for drugs, pharmaceuticals and perfumes to the manufacture of synthetic resins, plastics and rubber accelerators. Ketones are nothing if not versatile. Yet, they represent only one section in the list of chemicals currently manufactured by Shell to serve world industry. If you have a process involving the use of industrial chemicals . . . solvents, intermediates, detergents, plastics, resins, synthetic rubber . . . think in terms of Shell. It's pretty certain Shell can serve you. *And whatever Shell does, Shell does well.*

Shell Ketones



Even in the Drawing Office

Shell chemicals can play a part—as solvents in the fixative spray used by the designer. In car production itself, Shell chemicals are already extensively used in tyre manufacture (*Cariflex* Shell-made rubbers and Shell hydrocarbon solvents); in hydraulic brake fluids (glycol ethers and polyglycols); in antifreeze (ethylene glycol); in body-trim and fittings (Shell plastics and solvents). Even the concrete of your garage floor may be protected by an *Epikote* resin based paint. Shell chemicals service is many-sided: ask your Shell Company for full information.

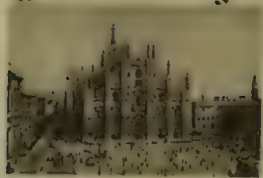
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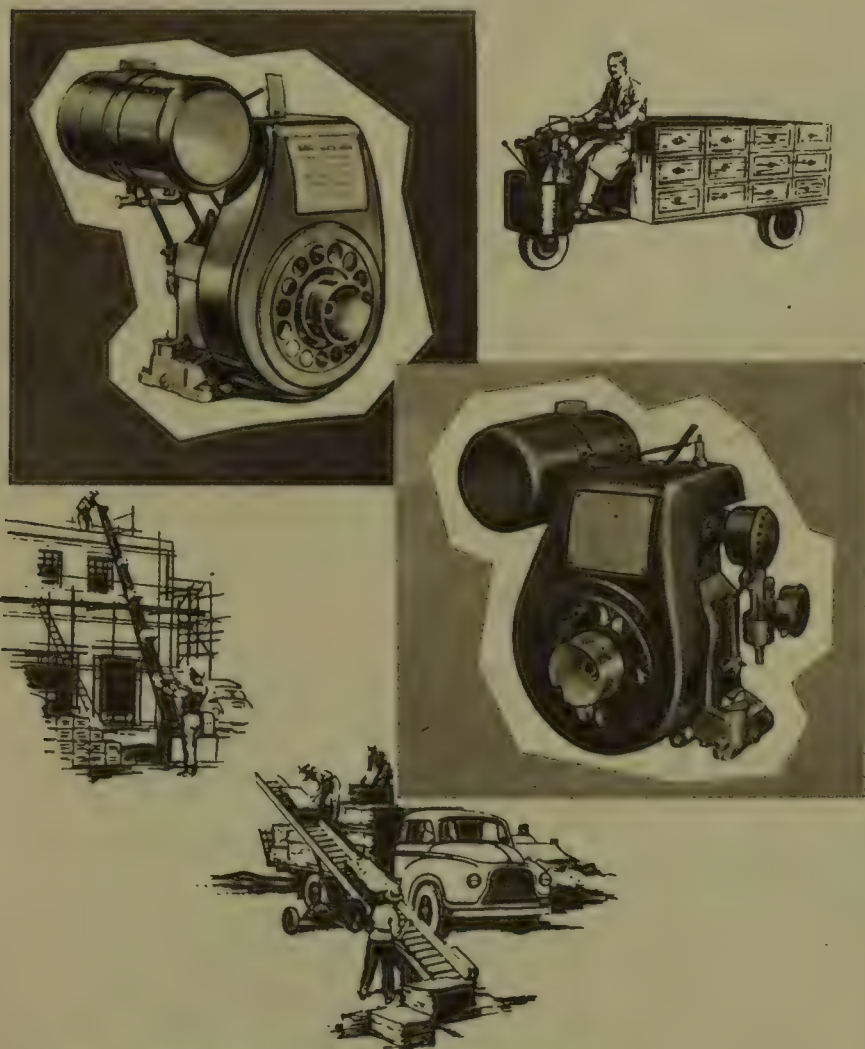
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Festival. MOTORING: When a wife tries out a car—by Gordon Wilkins. COUNTER SPY: "The Tatler's" shopping sleuth reports where a girl can find some luxury presents for a man. SOCIAL NEWS: "Jennifer" reports from Monte Carlo and Cheltenham. DINING IN: Helen Burke says the secret of exciting eating is in the shopping. TRAVEL: Doone Beal discusses holiday planning in the "off season" and "high season."



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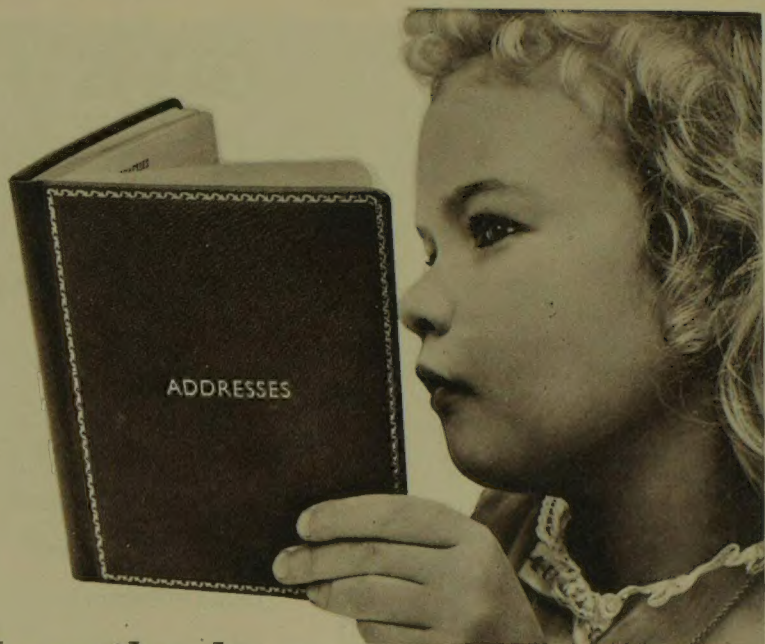
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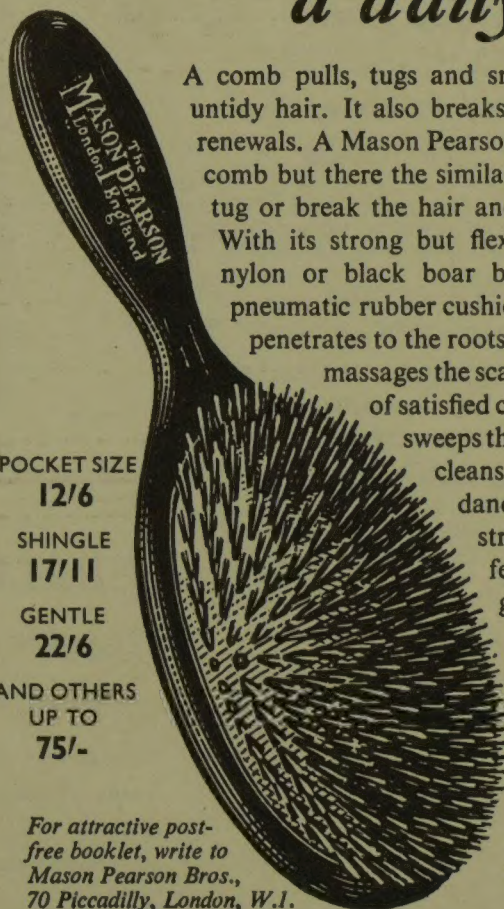
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